

# Notes on Rare Books

**A**FTER a quarter of a century of tireless effort, there has just been produced an invaluable reference book for students under the title of "A Bibliography of the Negro in Africa and America." It is the work of an American negro, Monroe N. Work, Director of Records and Research at Tuskegee Institute, and author of the "Negro Year Book," which made its first appearance in 1912. The present compilation has been made possible through grants from the Carnegie Corporation and the Phelps-Stokes Fund. It occupies more than 700 pages of a substantial octavo volume, published by the H. W. Wilson Company of New York at \$12. An introduction by way of explanation and tribute is furnished by Anson Phelps Stokes.

The word "bibliography" has so many connotations that it is well to point out at the outset that it is used here in its widest, non-technical sense. The book is really a check-list whose purpose, as given in the introduction, is "to furnish an accurate and comprehensive handbook of the titles and authors of valuable books, pamphlets and articles from periodicals." No space is wasted on bibliographical niceties such as "points," "issues," &c., and save for a few sporadic attempts at line title collation, as in the case of rare editions like the English translation of Castanheda, 1582, and Houtman's "Histoire de la Navigation aux Indes," 1598, the entries are limited to author, short title, place and date and number of pages of apparently the most accessible edition. This undoubtedly limits its usefulness to a certain class of students and ignores the demands of those who are interested in origins. Conrad's "The Nigger of the Narcissus" is recorded as published by Doubleday, Page in 1914. There is a footnote, to be sure, to the effect that it was printed first as "Children of the Sea" in 1897, but no hint is given of the Heinemann edition of 1898, the first appearance under its accredited title. Similarly, the entry for Galsworthy's drama "The Forest" is the last American edition, published by Scribners in 1924. This is hardly helpful to a student

in England. "For obvious reasons," we suppose, place and date are omitted altogether in the case of Shakespeare's "Othello."

**B**UT to seek to enlarge the scope of this already ponderous volume is perhaps a little ungrateful. A glance through its pages should convince one of the magnitude of the undertaking. The theme is a tremendous one and it has been treated here comprehensively. The whole history of the negro race is considered in outline. African laws and customs, music, art, folklore, slavery, missionary work, religious beliefs and practices are only a few of the subjects considered. Strange scenes in far places are evoked by titles of books dealing with Kaffir Betrothal Ceremonies. Polygamy in West Africa, the Peoples of Zanzibar, African Aboriginal Therapy, the Tailed Head-Hunters of Nigeria, the Witch Doctor and other Rhodesian studies. The works of scientists like Boas, G. Stanley Hall and Goldenweiser are much in evidence; there are the explorers Livingstone and Stanley and even Father Jerome Lobo with his "Voyage Historique d'Abissinie" in 1728 and its translation by Sam Johnson. There is a good proportion of popular literature like Kester's "His Own Country," Shaw's "Back to Methuselah" (though we should hardly call this "a novel"), Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer" and "Pudd'nhead Wilson," Lewis's "The Life and Works of Alfred Aloysius Horn," examples of Van Vechten and Firbank, Anderson's "Dark Laughter," MacKay's "Home to Harlem," Tully's "Circus Parade"; and old favorites such as Dixon's "The Clansman," Harris's "Tar Baby" and "Uncle Remus," Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines," France's "Balthazar," Flaubert's "Salamambo," and of course "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The interest in negro music has had a tremendous impetus of late and it is eloquently expressed in such anthologies as Burleigh's "Negro Folksongs," Hardy's "Blues" and Johnson's "Book of American Negro Spirituals." Jazz music has a whole section to itself.

Out of this enormous, chaotic literature Mr. Work has patiently

organized his material. And herein lies the greatest feature of the book. It is a triumph of classification. It would seem that every imaginable phase of the vast subject has been separated and placed in a logical sequence. There are two major groups—namely, "The Negro in Africa" and "The Negro in America"—and these have been further subdivided so that there are in all some seventy-four carefully selected chapters. These contain over 17,000 entries, including foreign language publications, notably French and German. Of course, the list is a selective one, which may or may not account for such omissions as that of Mark Twain's bitter arraignment of the Belgian rule in the Congo entitled "King Leopold's Soliloquy," Boston, 1905. But in the main it is a most satisfactory work to refer to, and students of any special aspect of negro literature will find it a mine of information and a source of pleasure.

## White's Rope And Faggot Announced For Publication

**NEW YORK.**—An exhaustive study of American lynching, "Rope and Faggot," product of ten years' investigation and research, by Walter White, Assistant Secretary of the N. A. A. C. P., is announced for March publication by Alfred A. Knopf, 730 Fifth Avenue. Mr. White wrote this book during a years' Fellowship in Europe, granted him by the Guggenheim Foundation.

## Sewest French Novel Deals With Race Mixing

### African Prince Slays Faithless White Wife As Did Othello —Rogers Notes Lack Of Color Consciousness In Paris

**PARIS.**—France, proper, has a Negro population something like five or six times less than the United States, but in the matter of serious literature on the Negro the former seems to be in the lead. Still another novel has appeared on the Negro.

By serious literature is meant not the portraying of the Negro as some jazzy, cabarety sort of creature, à la Octavus Roy Cohen, who has set the vogue for even some of our Negro writers, but as a human being who follows natural laws of conduct as infallibly as a plant in a cellar seeks the light.

This latest novel is the work of a young Alsatian, Mme. Claire Gell, who is the author of three other well-known books. The novel in question is entitled: "Le Negre Jupiter enleve Europe", which may be translated: "The Negro Captures Europe, or Carries off Europe"—after the god, Jupiter of mythology who carried off Europa.

#### Chief Character A Prince

The principal character of the story is Jupiter Djilboute, son of an African king, who is head of a department in the Colonial Office in Paris. Jupiter is proud, and extraordinarily sensitive about his color. Once he heard the phrase "sale negre" (stinking Negro), and because of that he goes to extremes in keeping himself neat and clean, until he is a model of elegance. He is tall and lithe, of a reddish-black, and has hair that looks as if it came out of an old mattress.

The story opens at a dance at the Swedish Embassy in Paris. One of the invitees, Alma Valen, a very pretty blond with a rose-bloom complexion, is teased by one of her companions about the ruddiness of her cheeks, when Alma, spying Jupiter, makes some remark about his complexion. This, in turn leads to a friendly bet between her and the other girl about the color of Jupiter's tongue. She says that it is black like his face, while Annette says it is red, like that of the whites. Olaf Magnussen, Swedish attache, to whom Anna is partial, is asked to introduce Jupiter, who on meeting Anna, smiles, "knowing well the curiosity of the white women", and she sees the tip of his tongue, rejoicing for some inflexible reason, although she has lost, that it is the same color as hers.

#### They Dance

Jupiter asks her to dance, but Alma makes a movement toward Olaf at the same time declining, then thinking better of it, and ashamed of her prejudice, for otherwise Jupiter seems a striking figure to her, she consents. Besides how original it will be to dance with a Negro, if but once.

He dances well and Alma is re-

minded of a prince from the Arabian Nights. While in his embrace she smells of him. Not an odor, a suite different from what she had been reading about Negroes in a journal recently.

#### Love Affair Begins

Jupiter, on his part, is equally impressed. Alma appeals to him. "How contemptible, in comparison with this young girl, appeared all the white women who offered themselves to him, either out of erotic curiosity, or snobbery, or for luxuries. Because a cultivated Negro has many amorous adventures in Europe, but it is rare, that any of these unions are lasting."

And so the love affair between the two begins, in spite of the blond Olaf, who is very much vexed over the affair.

Soon after Alma visits Jupiter at his office, where he has only to push a button and white secretaries and clerks appear. Casting a glance over his office he notices several of his favorite bits of African sculpture. He wonders what effect these will have on his visitor and decides to hide them, one of them at least. Jupiter still holds to the faith of his fathers. He wears a fetish like so many Christians, except that instead of its being in the shape of a cross, it is the grisgris, prickly and pointed of his native village.

#### Consents To Wed

Jupiter paints for Anna an eloquent picture of his native land, and ends by winning her consent to their marriage. But his extraordinary sensitiveness about his color brings him much discomfort on his wedding day.

He fancies that the white guests are making all manner of remarks about him. As to his hair he wishes that he were "in the salons of Lady Walker at Harlem" to have it straightened. "Vaguely he heard the toast of the Secretary for the Colonies: 'The young couple, eternal happiness, the union of roses, a union symbolic of the mother-country with her colonies.'"

#### The Wedding Night

On the wedding-night he sleeps alone, excusing himself, not without a little hypocrisy by saying that "a black man never treats his wife with violence" but his real reason is that he is ashamed to show himself, all black, to his wife, and it is not until the lights are down that he finally seeks her company. As to the rest of the scene, one had better skip it over. Anglo-Saxon readers are not sufficiently of age to hear it yet.

Jupiter loves his wife passionately, so much so that he all but makes a prisoner of her. Besides he is ashamed to go out with her in public, and finally promises to take her to the theatre, but not until he has found one which has boxes well-shaded so that he will be little visible with his white wife. The quality or the nature of the play was comparatively of little importance.



#### He Meets Americans

But unfortunately he chose just the theatre frequented most by white Americans, and one of them remarks so that he could hear: "Truly it is only a Frenchwoman who would throw herself around the neck of a Negro like that." Other remarks about the pair follow, and Jupiter instead of resenting it, takes it all meekly, which angers Alma: "Why are you such a coward," she cries, "you're as cowardly as a Jew".

Jupiter replies: "Perhaps we are the black Jews of the 20th Century. What good would it do for a single one to revolt against the injustices of all? A black skin stirs the hatred of the whites, quite as much as the red and yellow bands that the Christians compelled the Jews to wear in the Middle Ages". From that moment, the love of Alma, which was as passionate as his, begins to wane. More she starts hating black, until it becomes almost as strong as the sensitiveness of her husband toward the same.

#### Brief Reconciliation

A brief period of reconciliation when Alma is about to become a mother. Jupiter, who loves her more than ever, buys her an emerald for a large sum. But her hatred for black returns and she encourages the hatred for black in the child. She takes to reading Othello underscoring several passages. Is she going to die, she asks herself, without knowing the love of a white man. And she goes off with her first love, Olaf, who cleverly contrived to meet her in a summer resort in Switzerland.

#### He Kills Her

Jupiter, as jealous as Othello, learns of it. The passages underscored in Othello by her, reveals her in all her contempt for him. Soon after their marriage he had vowed to kill her in a more terrible manner than Othello did Desdemona should she be unfaithful to him. Now he carries out his vow with a feeling of great joy, glad that he will be able to bring up the child as he wishes.

#### No Color Consciousness

This is a rather bald outline of an able book filled with clever nuances and skilful painting of character. The author has succeeded in arousing such sympathy for Jupiter that one almost feels that the unfaithful Alma richly deserves her punishment. Nevertheless, the character of Jupiter seems overdrawn in view of the fact that it is no uncommon sight for white women and black men to be seen in public places in any capital of Europe. Five minutes after finishing the reading of this novel we saw a black man and a white woman standing on the corner of a prominent boulevard, laughing with other people, and no one seeming in the least conscious about color.

#### Character Overdrawn

Jupiter, however, is an African character. We also asked several black men, who had read the book their opinion of it — for it is necessary to note that there is a difference between the mulatto and the full black in Europe, the former does not excite the same attention as the latter. The reply of these black men was that it was an able book but was over-drawn and hysterical.

Another well-known black, on the other hand, replied it was a true picture of a certain African of royal

scion, now dead, who was very sensitive about his color. This man, he said, was a near relative of his. On the other hand, this last color, as it seems to any one is able to be.

P. S.—Several readers of the AFRO-AMERICAN have written to ask whether there is an English translation of La Maitresse Noire (The Black Sweetheart) by L. C. Rover. There is none. The French edition can be had by writing Les Editions de France, 20 Avenue Rapp, Paris; price 12 francs. "The Negre Jupiter Captures Europe" is published by Cres et Cie, 11 rue de Sevres, Paris, price 12 francs.

## 'FIRE IN THE FLINT' TRANSLATED INTO THE NORWEGIAN

New York, Dec. 12.—According to reports from abroad, "The Fire in the Flint", first novel of Walter White, Assistant Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, has been translated into Norwegian by Mrs. Nina Rell Anker, a poet and prominent in the literary life of Norway. Mrs. Anker writes:

"The book has been remarkably well received in the press; the question, being new to our people, has awakened deep interest and is being much discussed."



Bibliography - 1928.

# Uncle Remus Might Have Told These Bible Stories

Mr. Bradford's Collection of Negro Versions of the Old Testament Tales

OL' MAN ADAM AN' HIS CHILLUN. Being the Tales About the Introduction in its entirety. Time When the Lord Walked Not only is Mr. Bradford a careful observer of the race he has sought to present, but he is also a thoughtful reasoner. His threefold distinction, his classification of the African descendants into Negro (withford) will be well advised, unless he has no desire to go beyond the surface of the stories themselves, to read the bugaboo of our ideals." And

TO say that this is the age when the negro in America has come to his own as literary material is but to reiterate that which has been said many times already. The catalogue of books portraying negro life lengthens daily. "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun," by Roark Bradford, is one of the latest titles in that catalogue; but it is not other book." There can be no doubt that the evolution of the American man of African extraction is proceeding at a rapid pace. Education, better social conditions, industry, forces in conspiracy to make the negro of the moment an entirely different species within a few generations, perhaps in one generation. Therefore, these writers who are taking care to ob-serve the negro of today and honest-ly to portray him are rendering a distinct service. Such a book as "Gritny People" in hand today, are, as it were, museum exhibits. They will be read today for the entertainment they afford; tomorrow they will be read as documents projecting the past. "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun" them.

African extraction is proceeding at a rapid pace. Education, better social conditions, industry, forces in conspiracy to make the negro of the moment an entirely different species within a few generations, perhaps in one generation. Therefore, these writers who are taking care to ob-serve the negro of today and honest-ly to portray him are rendering a distinct service. Such a book as "Gritny People" in hand today, are, as it were, museum exhibits. They will be read today for the entertainment they afford; tomorrow they will be read as documents projecting the past. "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun" them.

is a collection of negro biblical interpretations; they are vastly amusing, some more than others; but they are the product of a Christian outlook so primitive that it will not be long before they are as unique as the Uncle Remus animal tales, yet it would not be an unapt characterization of Mr. Bradford's book. But it is the "nigger" which interests Mr. Bradford most. The category with "Uncle Remus."

Before delving into the collection itself, it will be illuminating to pause for a moment over the author's foreword; and the reader

he is, speaking in general terms, "a shiftless ne'er-do-well who just because of this, as we understand Mr. Bradford's conclusion, he is the one division of the American Africans to pique our curiosity and satisfy our craving for the humanly grotesque. To return to Mr. Bradford.

He [the nigger] has done three things in the past 200 years that the white man hasn't been able to do in 2,000 years. He has created for himself a language of beauty and rhythm that, perhaps, is more expressive and less verbose than any language extant. He has created him a religion that produces for him that spiritual peace and rest in this life that the religions of white men describe and fall short of producing. And he has produced a distinct racial music.

"Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun" is a collection of the "nigger's" transmutations of the several of the stories of the Old Testament, there are more than thirty of these tales, or transmutations, of what one will; and we believe that this summarization of Mr. Bradford's foreword has given an adequate notion of what to expect. This is a review in which criticism has little or no function to perform; and we shall utilize the remaining space to exhibit, as far as possible, the quality of the stories themselves by means of quotation. We select "Steamboat Days," which, as one may guess, has to do with Noah and the Ark.

Well, when de people got so low down de Lawd couldn't stand 'em, he decided to flood de yearth. So he told Noah to build a ark an' ride de flood down. "'Cause from what I got in my mind," say de Lawd, "hit look like she's gonter be a mighty wet Spring."

"Gonter bust de levees, is you, nigger 'has not learned many of Lawd?" say Noah.

"When de levees bustes," say de Lawd, "dat's jest gonter be de startin' of de wet weather. I got my mind set on rain, Noah, an'

when I gits my mind set, I mean to tell you I makes hit rain."

And so the story goes on, in the same conversational way, Noah talking now to the Lord, now to Mrs. Noah or his sons. And it is all brought down to the same colloquial language, to conditions of fact and life of every day knowledge of those for whom it is intended. From the point of view of superior intelligence and wider education, we find the tale humorous; but that was not the intention of the original speaker. We find it funny when "Miz" Noah howls at Ham for having to do with the pole-cats which the Lord had placed in her husband's care. "I said de next time you played wid dat skunk I was gonter drap you overboard. I ain't got de b'iler deck smellin' right yit since de time you brang him up yar."

There is a deal of "hard likker" used by the Children of Israel in these interpretations. But the striking thing is the degree of sharpness with which the purpose, the true biblical purpose, of each episode is understood by the preacher, and the force with which that purpose is brought home for the primitive mind. "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun" might be read for moral improvement, as well as entertainment, by those for whom the tales were not intended. Those who do not look into the volume can be only those unacquainted with "Uncle Remus," or, if acquainted, lacking appreciation of exotic and strangely flavored yarns.

## Monroe Work to Publish Bibliography on Negro

Monroe N. Work, director of Records and Research at Tuskegee Institute, has completed a bibliography of the Negro in Africa and America which is to be published in the coming month by H. W. Wilson Company, of this city.

In the introduction to the bibliography, Anson Phelps Stokes, a trustee of Tuskegee, states that it is an effort to furnish "an accurate and comprehensive handbook of the titles and authors of valuable books, pamphlets and articles from periodicals on the Negro in Africa and America." It contains 17,000 entries covering publications in this field before 1928.

Mr. Work has been engaged on this task for twenty-five years and has been in contact with librarians and authorities in all parts of the world.



"Uncle Remus."

## PROF. WORKS PUBLISHES BIBLIOGRAPHY OF NEGRO

From "Romantic America." A Book of Photographs by E. O. Hoppé. (B. Westermann Company).

New York June 12 The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, learns that Monroe N. Work, director of records and research at Tuskegee Institute, has completed a bibliography of the Negro in Africa and America which is to be published in the coming month by H. W. Wilson Company, of this city.

In the introduction to the bibliography, Anson Phelps Stokes, a trustee of Tuskegee, states that it is an effort to furnish "an accurate and comprehensive handbook of the titles and authors of valuable books, pamphlets and articles from periodicals on the Negro in Africa and America." It contains 17,000 entries covering publications in this field before 1928.

Mr. Work has been engaged on this task for twenty-five years and has been in contact with librarians and authorities in all parts of the world.

WORK ENDS 25 YEAR TASK ON NEGRO BIBLIOGRAPHY NEW YORK. A quarter of a century of work and study of the race to an end this week as Monroe N. Work, director of records and research at Tuskegee Institute, completes a bibliography of the Negro in Africa and America, which will be published this month.



# Monroe N. Work Completes Years' Labor on Bibliography

Tuskegee Institute, Ala.—One does not think of the making of a bibliography as something of interest. But such has been the case in the compiling of the bibliography of the Africans and Americans by Monroe N. Work, director of the department of records and research at Tuskegee Institute. This work, which has extended over a period of more than 20 years, has had a number of steps and, withal, an interesting development.

## ISSUED FIRST YEAR BOOK IN 1912

Mr. Work more than 20 years ago while a teacher of history at the Georgia State Industrial College, Savannah, became interested in the study of Africa. To carry on this study he secured books from the Library of Congress. To assist in systematizing the information collected he began to make a bibliography of the references. He purchased at a considerable sacrifice the cards from the library relating to Africa, several thousand in number.

In 1912 Mr. Work issued the first edition of the Year Book. One section of it contained 408 references. In each subsequent edition of the Year Book the amount of the bibliography material was increased and its scope widened. The compiler, because of the increased demand for bibliographical materials, felt the need of a more extended and comprehensive bibliography on this subject than had hitherto been published. In 1921 he collected the bibliographies which had been issued and found that no one of them was at all extended or comprehensive. Atlanta University studies No. 10, compiled in 1905, contained 1,992 alphabetically arranged but unclassified references. In 1906 the Library of Congress compiled a bibliography which included a selected list of 522 alphabetically arranged but unclassified references. The bibliographical section of the 1921-22 Year Book contained 1,927 alphabetically arranged references.

## CARNEGIE FUND AIDS WORK'S EFFORTS

Through a grant in 1921 from the Carnegie corporation of New York to the department of record and research of Tuskegee Institute, Mr. Work was enabled to begin systematically to compile an extended and comprehensive bibliography. All cards in the Library of Congress were purchased. These were in addition to the cards that had been accumulating on Africa.

After working on this special compilation for five years and collecting more than 30,000 references of all sorts on the subject, a classified list of some 10,000 references was compiled. This set of references also contained an appendix on Africa. Negotiations to have the same published were begun.

About this time, however, Dr. Anson Phelps Stokes, president of the Phelps-Stokes fund and a trustee

of Tuskegee, while on a visit to the institute during 1926, chanced to see the bibliography and immediately became interested in it. He stated that it would be an important contribution to the literature relating to subject it catalogued and suggested that the materials on Africa be increased and that the manuscript be submitted to an expert bibliographer. Through the good offices of Dr. Stokes the manuscript was submitted to Dr. W. A. Slade, chief bibliographer of the Library of Congress. He examined the bibliography and made numerous and helpful suggestions relative to its improvement. Arrangements were made to have the complete work published in 1926. The bibliography then contained some 3,000 additional select references.

## SUBMITS MANUSCRIPT TO AUTHORITIES

It so happened, however, that in the early fall of 1926 Dr. C. T. Loram, commissioner of native affairs for the Union of South Africa, was visiting in this country and came to Tuskegee. He examined the bibliography and made two suggestions. One that instead of having the references on Africa subordinate to the references on America, that the bibliography be reconstructed from the world standpoint; his other suggestion was that proofs of the work be sent to scholars who were authorities on African languages and culture in Europe.

Mr. Work carried the manuscript to Europe in the early part of 1927 and submitted it to a number of authorities who gave special help in a critical way. At the same time some 2,000 additional references were secured through special work done in several European libraries. When the bibliography was finally placed in press it consisted of some 17,000 carefully selected and classified references.

The complete work consists of 74 carefully classified chapters on every phase of the subject's life and history. The two main divisions of the bibliography, as already indicated, are Africa and America.

"I believe that this volume will prove a valuable book of reference for all university, college and public libraries, and that students of social conditions in Africa and the United States, especially those concerned with that most complicated of social problems, the race problem, will find it absolutely indispensable. It is a monument of which any man of any race may well feel proud," writes Dr. Stokes in the volume's preface.

## MONROE WORK PUBLISHES BIBLIOGRAPHY ON NEGRO IN AFRICA-AMERICA

NEW YORK, June 12—The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, 69 Fifth

Avenue, learns that Monroe N. Work, director of Records and Research at Tuskegee Institute, has completed a bibliography of the Negro in Africa and America which is to be published in the coming month by H. W. Wilson Company, of this city.

In the introduction of the bibliography, Anson Phelps Stokes, a trustee of Tuskegee, states that it is an effort to furnish "an accurate and comprehensive handbook of the titles and authors of valuable books, pamphlets and articles from periodicals on the Negro in Africa and America." It contains 17,000 entries covering publications in this field before 1928.

Mr. Work has been engaged on this task for twenty-five years and has been in contact with librarians and authorities in all parts of the world.

## Monroe Work Publishes Bibliography on Negro in Africa and America

New York, June 29—The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, 69 Fifth Ave., learns that Monroe N. Work, Director of Records and Research at Tuskegee Institute, has completed a bibliography of the Negro in Africa and America which is to be published in the coming month by H. W. Wilson Company, of this city.

In the introduction to the Bibliography, Anson Phelps Stokes, a trustee of Tuskegee, states that it is an effort to furnish "an accurate and comprehensive handbook to the titles and authors of valuable books, pamphlets and articles from periodicals on

the Negro in Africa and America." It contains 17,000 entries covering publications in this field before 1928.

Mr. Work has been engaged on this task for twenty-five years and has been in contact with librarians and authorities in all parts of the world.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY BY M. N. WORK TO BE SOON OFF PRESS

NEW YORK CITY, June 20—Monroe N. Work, director of records and research at Tuskegee Institute, and editor of the American Negro year books, has completed a bibliography of works dealing with colored folk in Africa and America, it has been announced. The book is to be published soon by H. W. Wilson company of New York.

In the introduction to the bibliography Anson Phelps Stokes, a trustee of Tuskegee, states that it is an effort to furnish "an accurate and comprehensive handbook of the titles and authors of valuable books, pamphlets and articles from periodicals on the Negro in Africa and America." It contains 17,000 entries covering publications in this field before 1928.

Mr. Work has been engaged on this task for 25 years and has been in contact with librarians and authorities in all parts of the world.

## THE GEORGIA YEAR-BOOK.

The most complete year-book of Georgia that has yet been issued is the last quarterly bulletin of the state department of agriculture entitled "Georgia and Her Resources." It is a profusely illustrated book of 236 pages, and from cover to cover it is a complete compilation of information about the state, the various services of government, taxation, schools, etc., and general information as to agricultural, manufacturing, mining, timber, ceramic and other activities and opportunities. It particularly emphasizes the progress that Georgia is making in diversified production, the title page illustrating in colors some forty varieties of farm and orchard crops.

The department and its head, Mr. Talmadge, is to be congratulated for this very useful and informative booklet, and if prospective seekers of homes in the south, from the colder states of the north and west, could see and study this booklet they would assuredly give Georgia a "once-over" before they looked around anywhere else. One of the very valuable features is a concise history of each county, its railroad and school facilities, trading centers,

soil characters, industrial and agricultural opportunities, etc. The booklet is a complete and satisfactory one. The problem now is to assure for it the most effective distribution where its value may not be lost.



# Bibliography - 1928

Florence, S. C. News Review  
Thursday, March 29, 1928

## NEGRO LIFE AND CONDITIONS

From 1900 to 1925 there was a shift of 2,100,000 Negroes from the country to the cities, more than doubling the urban Negro population, according to an exhaustive study of Negro life and conditions just completed by the Institute of Social and Religious Research. Made under the direction of Dr. T. J. Woofter, Jr., of the University of North Carolina, this study covers 16 typical American cities, North and South, and is the first scientific investigation of Negro conditions ever made on anything like a national scale. The report of the investigation has just been issued in a book entitled, "Negro Problems in Cities," which treats of the cityward drift of Negro population and the resulting problems of friction, congestion, segregation, exploitation, schools, recreation, and delinquency.

Contrary to the general impression, the report reveals that a little more than half the 2,100,000 Negro migrants stopped in Southern cities, though the percentage of gain was very much heavier North than South. In consequence of this rapid shift, overcrowding and congestion in Negro districts were found to be very general. In New York city, for example, Negro population showed a density of 336 per acre, as against 20 in Winston-Salem. In 11 tenement houses in Philadelphia, 175 families were found living in 354 rooms.

Along with this crowding has gone an abnormally high death rate, particularly from tuberculosis, pneumonia and the diseases of infants. Rents, it was found, were very much higher North than South, with a weekly average of \$7.18 per dwelling in the North as against \$3.74 in the South. Lynchburg showed the minimum of 60 cents per week, and Gary the maximum of \$1.78. In the case of 747 families living in Harlem, New York, it was found that rents took more than 23 per cent of the total family income.

The investigators discovered a general lack of public recreational facilities in Negro neighborhoods, and in consequence a high rate of juvenile delinquency. The conditions of commercialized recreation, such as pool rooms and dance halls, were found to be deplorable.

"School funds are not adequate to meet the needs, either North or South," says the report. "Where there are separate Negro schools they are usually a secondary consideration, with fewer seats in proportion than the white schools, more pupils per teacher, more double sessions, poorer salaries, fewer and smaller playgrounds, less adequate provisions for the health and comfort of pupils, and few, if any, 'extras,' such as libraries, gymnasiums, etc."

One of the encouraging signs revealed by the survey is the tendency among Negroes toward home ownership. In every city studied except New Orleans the number of Negro home owners had increased materially, and in Northern cities quite rapidly. In most cases the slum sections have remained relatively constant in population, while the population of the home owning sections has been increasing.

## REVIEW

MAR 29 1928

## NEGRO LIFE AND CONDITIONS

From 1900 to 1925 there was a shift of 2,100,000 Negroes from the country to the cities, more than doubling the urban Negro population, according to an exhaustive study of Negro life and conditions just completed by the Institute of Social and Religious Research. Made under the direction of Dr. T. J. Woofter, Jr., of the University of North Carolina, this study covers 16 typical American cities, North and South, and is the first scientific investigation of Negro conditions ever made on anything like a national scale. The report of the investigation has just been issued in a book entitled, "Negro Problems in Cities,"

which treats of the cityward drift of Negro population and the resulting problems of friction, congestion, segregation, exploitation, schools, recreation, and delinquency. Contrary to the general impression, the report reveals that a little more than half the 2,100,000 Negro migrants stopped in Southern cities, though the percentage of gain was very much heavier North than South. In consequence of this rapid shift, overcrowding and congestion in Negro districts were found to be very general. In New York city, for example, Negro population showed a density of 336 per acre, as against 20 in Winston-Salem. In 11 tenement houses in Philadelphia, 175 families were found living in 354 rooms.

Along with this crowding has gone an abnormally high death rate, particularly from tuberculosis, pneumonia and the diseases of infants. Rents, it was found, were very much higher North than South, with a weekly average of \$7.18 per dwelling in the North as against \$3.74 in the South. Lynchburg showed the minimum of 60 cents per week, and Gary the maximum of \$1.78. In the case of 747 families living in Harlem, New York, it was found that rents took more than 23 per cent of the total family income.

The investigators discovered a general lack of public recreational facilities in Negro neighborhoods, and in consequence a high rate of juvenile delinquency. The conditions of commercialized recreation, such as pool rooms and dance halls, were found to be deplorable.

"School funds are not adequate to meet the needs, either North or South," says the report. "Where there are separate Negro schools they are usually a secondary consideration, with fewer seats in proportion than the white schools, more pupils per teacher, more double sessions, poorer salaries, fewer and smaller playgrounds, less adequate provisions for the health and comfort of pupils, and few, if any, 'extras,' such as libraries, gymnasiums, etc."

One of the encouraging signs revealed by the survey is the tendency among Negroes toward home ownership. In every city studied except New Orleans the number of Negro home owners had increased materially, and in Northern cities quite rapidly. In most cases the slum sections have remained relatively constant in population, while the population of the home owning sections has been increasing.



FRANCIS, S. C., News Review  
Thursday, March 29, 1928

# NEGRO LIFE AND CONDITIONS

From 1900 to 1925 there was a shift of 2,100,000 Negroes from the country to the cities, more than doubling the urban Negro population, according to an exhaustive study of Negro life and conditions just completed by the Institute of Social and Religious Research. Made under the direction of Dr. T. J. Wooster, Jr., of the University of North Carolina, this study covers 16 typical American cities, North and South, and is the first scientific investigation of Negro conditions ever made on anything like a national scale. The report of the investigation has just been issued in a book entitled, "Negro Problems in Cities," which treats of the cityward drift of Negro population and the resulting problems of friction, congestion, segregation, exploitation, schools, recreation, and delinquency.

Contrary to the general impression, the report reveals that a little more than half the 2,100,000 Negro migrants stopped in Southern cities, though the percentage of gain of Negro life and conditions just completed by the Institute of this rapid shift, overcrowding and congestion in Negro districts were found to be very general. In New York city, North Carolina, this study covers 16 typical American districts were found to be very general. In New York city, for example, Negro population showed a density of 336 cities, North and South, and is the first scientific investigation per acre, as against 20 in Winston-Salem. In 11 tenement houses in Philadelphia, 175 families were found living in national scale. The report of the investigation has just been issued in a book entitled, "Negro Problems in Cities,"

MAR 29 1928

## NEGRO LIFE AND CONDITIONS

One of the encouraging signs revealed by the survey is the tendency among Negroes toward home ownership. In every city studied except New Orleans the number of Negro home owners had increased materially, and in Northern cities quite rapidly. In most cases the slum sections have remained relatively constant in population, while the population of the home owning sections has been increasing.

### REVIEW

The investigators discovered a general lack of public recreational facilities in Negro neighborhoods, and in consequence a high rate of juvenile delinquency. The conditions of commercialized recreation, such as pool rooms and dance halls, were found to be deplorable.

"School funds are not adequate to meet the needs, either North or South," says the report. "Where there are separate Negro schools they are usually a secondary consideration, with fewer seats in proportion than the white schools, more pupils per teacher, more double sessions, poorer salaries, fewer and smaller playgrounds, less adequate provisions for the health and comfort of pupils, and few, if any, 'extras,' such as libraries, gymnasiums, etc."

One of the encouraging signs revealed by the survey is the tendency among Negroes toward home ownership. In every city studied except New Orleans the number of Negro home owners had increased materially, and in Northern cities quite rapidly. In most cases the slum sections have remained relatively constant in population, while the population of the home owning sections has been increasing.

Along with this crowding has gone an abnormally high death rate, particularly from tuberculosis, pneumonia and the diseases of infants. Rents, it was found, were very much higher North than South, with a weekly average of \$7.18 per dwelling in the North as against \$3.74 in the South. Lynchburg showed the minimum of 60 cents per week, and Gary the maximum of \$1.78. In the case of 747 families living in Harlem, New York, it was found that rents took more than 23 per cent of the total family income. The investigators discovered a general lack of public recreational facilities in Negro neighborhoods, and in consequence a high rate of juvenile delinquency. The conditions of commercialized recreation, such as pool rooms and dance halls, were found to be deplorable.

"School funds are not adequate to meet the needs, either North or South," says the report. "Where there are separate Negro schools they are usually a secondary consideration, with fewer seats in proportion than the white schools, more pupils per teacher, more double sessions, poorer salaries, fewer and smaller playgrounds, less adequate provisions for the health and comfort of pupils, and few, if any, 'extras,' such as libraries, gymnasiums, etc." come.



THE NEW AFRICA. By Donald Fraser.  
12mo. New York: Missionary Education  
Movement. \$1.45-28  
An account of missionary work  
in Africa.

## OL' MAN ADAM 'AN' HIS QHILUN

A darky's version of the Bible, told  
in his own words. \$2.50

## A NEW BOOK ON LIBERIA.

Liberia Old and New. A study of its social and economic background with possibilities of development." By Jas. L. Sibley, American Advisory Committee on Education in Liberia, and D. Westermann, Professor, University of Berlin. 311 pp., 3 maps, 44 illustrations, bibliography and index. (Doubleday Doran and Co., 170 Robert Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2, and Garden City, New York, U.S.A.; 12s. 6d. net.)  
Mr. Sibley, who was in London some months ago and gave an "interview" to WEST AFRICA (September 24, 1927), has written a book in accordance with the spirit of the statements he then made about Liberia, where he is the energetic representative of influential well-wishers of Liberia among the United States European-descended population. That is to say, he has written a hopeful account of Liberian conditions and prospects, without fine writing but with abundance of data and observations which cannot but be useful to all persons thinking of working or carrying on business in Liberia.

Mr. Sibley's standpoint is not that of one who thinks that Liberia will make real progress through the unaided efforts of her own people. Still less is it that of one who thinks it desirable or practicable for outside Powers or individual companies to attempt development on the lines of Kenya land-grabbing. It is that of one who believes that outside capital is necessary, but capital responsible, prepared to share results, and recognising—whether from a moral or a business standpoint (if the two are to be dissociated)—that the welfare of its constituent workers is a prime consideration. It is much the standpoint of such industrial leaders as the Cadburys, Mr. Ford and Sir Alfred Mond. In some cautious and rather general references to the Firestone enterprise Mr. Sibley seems to be of opinion that such principles are applied by it, though he frankly says that the Company cannot remain in Liberia, and improve the status of its workers, unless Liberia as a rubber-producer can compete with other producing countries. What bearing the change of policy just announced by the British Government on rubber restriction will have upon Liberia's ability to produce at a competing price Mr. Sibley, of course, could not know when he completed his book. His view is that some of the Liberians of the hinterland will work for the Company as free labourers and others will produce rubber on their own holdings and sell it to the Company at a price which will make it worth their while, as is done by Native producers in Malaya to other companies. This is given rather as the state of things to be than as that in being, and according to rumour another book is about to appear in the United States which will take a less favourable view of Liberian conditions in this matter than that expressed in this volume.

The first shipload of colonists for Liberia left New York in 1820, and Mr. Sibley reflects:—"The results of their sailing may some day have as profound an effect upon the ideals of the African Continent as did those of the Mayflower upon America." Who knows? Mr. Sibley reminds Africans that slavery was neither practised nor originated

by Europeans alone, and he quotes Booker Washington's remark that slavery gave to the African four gifts: a sense of the value of work, the English language, the Christian religion, and Western standards of living. He cites appreciatively the story of Lt. Gordon and his 11 men who landed from a British ship and defended the early settlement, in which cause eight gave their lives. Great Britain, he remarks in the same chapter, was the first to recognise the Liberian Republic, in 1848. He believes that the future of the country lies in its cultivation by its own people as small farmers. In some of his many interesting passages he tells us of the reported presence of the Normans at Grand Bassa as long ago as 1365; that Columbus quite probably landed on Liberian soil; that not until 1927 were the boundaries of Liberia definitely fixed (a fact it behoves reasonable critics of the country to keep in mind). Another passage is a reminder to Mr. Evelyn Murray and his public-spirited co-workers at Calabar that not that progressive Nigerian centre was the first Coast town to have an African agricultural and industrial exhibition, but Monrovia, as far back as 1857. Altogether, Mr. Sibley makes out a good case for the Liberians to believe in themselves, and their ability by hard work and economy and the judicious use of outside expert assistance to make their country stable and prosperous; and for reputable and responsible European firms to explore in a hopeful spirit the Liberian trade position.

Dr. Westermann's five chapters are a scientific investigator's painstaking, detailed account of family and clan life of the Kpelle, and are of great human interest. They will attract the general reader. The authors have patiently gathered an immense amount of information about Liberia and have presented it ably and interestingly.

### RACE DISCRIMINATION

**DARK PRINCESS.** By W. E. Burghardt Dubois. 311 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.

Dr. DUBOIS, the author of "Darkwater," again brings forth another book about his race in the story of Matthew Towns, a young negro. Matthew is studying to become a physician, and, after taking honors at the University of Manhattan, finds himself unable to register for obstetrics because of racial discrimination. Feeling "America was impossible—unthinkable," he sails for Europe, and in a Berlin café comes to the aid of a beautiful colored woman, the Princess Kautilya of Bwodpur, who is being annoyed by two white Americans. The Princess, together with her two Japanese and Hindu friends, believes in the superiority of the darker races of the world. She gives Matthew a letter to deliver in America to an alleged leader of an organization having as its purpose "a widespread and carefully planned uprising of the American blacks."

Matthew returns; meets the fanatical leader, Perigua; becomes a Pullman porter; and, with Perigua, plans a strike of the Pullman porters which does not come off. But later, when a fellow-worker, innocent of the charge of insulting the mistress of a Klansman, is lynched, Matthew and Perigua plan to avenge his death by wrecking a train carrying Klan delegates. But Matthew discovers that the Princess is on the train—and hundreds of white lives are saved. Because

he refuses to tell all he knows of the plot to wreck the train, Matthew is sent to Joliet prison.

Sara Andrews, a mulatto stenographer, who wields wide political influence in Chicago, gets Matthew pardoned. He and Sara marry and he becomes a member of the State Legislature. Through graft Sara becomes rich and ambitious. She gives an exclusive little party, including several prominent whites, to launch Matthew for Congress. But the Princess of Bwodpur, who has been working as a servant and a factory girl "to see it for herself," suddenly appears and takes Matthew away. When the Princess leaves him he goes back to manual labor and Sara secures a divorce. The Princess has an ideal of justice to the dark races (although she remains untouched by her own "untouchables")—and she loves Matthew, so she decides to renounce her right to become a ruling monarch, "one whose jewels and motor cars, gowns and servants, palaces and Durbars would make a whole world babble." She, who had been presented at the Court of St. James's, who would not "stoop to English strawberry leaves," goes to the home of Matthew's old mother in Virginia to await the birth of Matthew's child, the next Maharaja of Bwodpur. After the future monarch is born Matthew marries the Princess. So it all turns out better for Matthew Towns than if he had become a doctor.

The book is well written, but there is enough material in it for

several novels, and the plot is flamboyant and unconvincing. The theme of miscegenation is so decidedly controversial that to those who believe in the preservation of racial purity the book will fail to lessen their prejudice. There is, however, real meat in the "Dark Princess" and such proof of the author's power that it seems a pity he is not using his talent to show the natural ability of the colored man or his nobility of character, as in "Porgy," rather than to dwell, oversensitively, on social injustices which are inevitable in any period of racial transition and development of white or black.

Memphis, Tenn., Commercial-App.

## DISTRIBUTE GRIGGS OPUS

Inter-Racial Propaganda to Be  
Given Away at Conference.

The National Probation Association will have for free distribution at its booth in the municipal auditorium for the remaining days of the meeting of the National Conference of Social Work, copies of publications by Dr. Sutton E. Griggs, negro orator and philosopher.

The association placed the race question on its program for discussion during its session here for the first time in its history, and the address on the subject by Dr. Griggs has been one of the most widely discussed during the week. Much interest has been manifested by delegates from other sections of the country in getting his views on inter-racial matters.

Dr. Griggs is the author of 16 books and numerous pamphlets. The works that will be distributed are "Unremitting Appeal to Reason and Conscience," "Altering the Viewpoint of the American Negro," and "Why the Nation Does Not Handle the Race Question." The literature has been furnished by the National Public Welfare League with headquarters here, which specializes in the publication of literature intended to give light on inter-racial matters, and to promote the socialization of the negro race.



# BOOK CHAT

by  
MARY WHITE OVINGTON

## "The African Saga"

By BLAISE CENDRARS. Translated by Margery Bianco. Published by Payson & Clarke, Ltd., 6 E. 53rd St., New York City. Price \$5.00.

IN HIS interesting introduction to this book, Arthur B. Spingarn points out that the literature of Africa, collected as it has been by missionaries, explorers, ethnologists, has been treated as folklore rather than as the expression of the genius of a people. "Only incidentally, if at all, has it been read purely as literature." Blaise Cendrars, however, in this volume, views the tales as oral literature and "translates the stories and poems into nervous and poetic French, striving primarily to preserve their deep and delicate sense of power and beauty."

While there is delicacy in the translation, one would not guess from it that the African languages, as Cust says in the Foreword, "are soft, supple, flexible to an almost limitless degree."

These translations, like all other translations of African tales I have read, give the impression of a small vocabulary and of a very simple grammar; whereas Cust further says that "their grammatical principles are founded upon a systematic and philosophical basis and the number of their words can be augmented to infinity." We may, then, as we read these stories, bare like the trees in winter, clothe them if we desire in tropical foliage.

There are 106 tales in the book, tales of the Creation, of Fetish, of Totem, of Imaginary Science, of Adventure; Romantic Tales, Humorous. They are beautifully printed, bound in a cover which, in design and coloring, copies a piece of African palm cloth. "The

## "NIGGER-NOISE"

GRITNY PEOPLE. By R. Emmet Kennedy. Dodd Mead and Co. New York.

Reviewed By  
NEWELL NILES PUCKETT.

Author of  
"Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro"

Felo, Scilla, Nookie, Unc, Foteen, Soongy, Dink, and other colored gentry of Gretna, Louisiana, just opposite New Orleans, in true Canterbury fashion make merry in Sis Susan's cook-shop. One taking out his own introduction. From the cook shop they lead the reader intimately into their everyday social and do-

"African Saga" is a soul-satisfying book.

For you alone, O gun, for you alone,  
Along the hunting-paths,  
I have wounded my foot on the path,  
I have climbed the mountains and the hills,  
I have crossed the streams  
Laboring all day, through the whole day.

This is a part of "The Song of the Gun," from the Masal. The Pygmy Dance of the Animals goes like this:

I throw myself to the left,  
I turn myself to the right,  
I am the fish  
Who glides in the water, who glides,  
Who twists himself, who leaps!

mestic "up-and-downs," through paths and by-ways almost as unknown to the average white man as their original African jungles.

Felo, high officer of the New Hope Church, and butler "to Mr. Amos house, 'cross de river," is vehemently dogmatic regarding the shortcomings of others, but his questioning relations with Sis Lethe quite comfortably into his inconsistent theology. More to be said is the likable, bow-legged Nat, composite of farmer, philosopher, and clown, who excuses his erring daughter, "Roxy ain' no diffunt from you an' no uther winnims. An' nature ways is Gawd ways; an' I ain' got no right to meddle." Possibly the most unusual character is the frail, perverted, ef-

feminate Chester, whose weakness and timidity wins him a warm welcome in the heart of the masculine, outspoken Lizzie.

It is inevitable that friendly comparisons and criticisms of the white man should creep into such intimate gatherings. "Dey puts on a front an' dey all gits by. Dey hides dey looseness, an' you gotta give 'um praise. But look at de cullud folks . . . Dey jus' cuts loose. . . . Dey natchal as de cattle an' fowls an' things." Carmelita explains why she quit cooking for Miss Newgeem: "'Tain' de cookin'. . . . It's all de hum-bug you gotta do: passin' de dishes thoo hot water befo' you brings 'um to de table. An' a fresh plate for evvy diffunt dish dey has to eat. . . . Miss Newgeem des natchally 'had too much shiftin' o' de dishes for de fewness o' de vittuls." Gussie, white by birth and negro by culture, exhibits all the poignant tragedy of an "ole white nigger," akin to two groups but welcomed by neither.

The various characters, talking among themselves in their own, natural, un-doctored way, mix crudeness cruelty and color in true negro proportions. "Some people got nice slop, an' some people slop is sho treach'ous. My cousin, down de coas', had a hog w'at got his th'roat cut clean thoo, from eatin' slop w'at had razor blades in it. Sho did. An' ever since dat time, my cousin make her chillun sif evvy bit o' slop dey brings home."

While scarcely as striking and piquant as "Black Cameos," this latest offering presents greater continuity and a more accurate interpretation of the common run of everyday negro life. One misses the gingham covers and pert drawing of "Black Cameos" and "Mellows," but these are more than compensated for by a greater abundance of absorbing reading matter. Scilla is accused: "You done talked all ove' yo' mouth an' ain' tol nothin' yet." If we refer to an outstanding plot, something of the same thing might perhaps be said of the author, but at least he has made a "nigger-noise" and recorded new harmonies of a people whose very noise is rhythmic. He has borrowed that cunning of "de black han'", so essential for tasty gumbo, sweet potato pies, and negro sketches, throwing in dialectic sauce with a liberality which may prove a bit trying to readers unaccustomed to such deliciously rich seasoning.

## Folk Tales

"The African Saga," by Blaise Cendrars. Translated by Margery Bianco. Price \$5. Payson & Clarke, Ltd., New York.

The folklore of Europe, Asia and the Americas has long been known and has delighted thousands. The folklore of Africa has been almost completely neglected, although the primitive and of Africa has recently been winning for itself the high place which its forceful and decorative allities entitle it.

Blaise Cendrars made himself known in this country last year with his novel "Butter's Gold." In an anthology he has collected mythical folklore, chants and incanta-

tions representative of the best African thought. It embraces the wealth of a continent as eerily and yet simply beautiful as it is strange to western minds.

This excellent translation is of very particular interest to readers in America. In "The African Saga" we can see it in its native state, with the ancient racial gods and djinns inhabiting the regions of the beyond, watching over or threatening the simple happy life of a primitive people. Many of the chants are austere beautiful, some of the tales are charming bedtime stories, with a quaint flavor that will delight the adult reader, though others should be carefully censored before junior is allowed to hear them, lest junior ask embarrassing questions. For, while the simplicity of the native African mind fashions naive tales, that very simplicity tells more than is ordinarily told to children.

## NEW BOOK ANNOUNCED



"Dark Princess", new novel by Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, of New York, is announced for publication in February by Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

The hero of the novel has made a success as a student of medicine and finds racial discrimination prevents him from securing a hospital internship and his career is ruined.

In revolt, he flees from America. One day in Berlin in a dramatic manner he meets the Dark Princess, an exquisite Indian woman of noble birth. Through her he is made aware of a movement among the dark races for self expression and self determination, and he becomes involved in an adventure of such magnitude that it absorbs his energies on his return to America.

His love for the Dark Princess illuminates the dark ways of his life and in the end he finds consummation.

"Plumes; A Play in One Act" (New York: Samuel French: \$0.30). By Georgia Douglas Johnson. A well written one-act play of Negro life—which won first prize in the "Opportunity" literary contest in 1927. The scene is a kitchen of a two-room cottage. Here we find the mother, Charity Brown, heating a poultice over the stove for her sick daughter, Emeline. A knock is heard at the door and in comes Charity's friend, Tildy. Of the chair Tildy 'spies Emeline's dress upon which her mother has been working; takes it up and tells Charity that she'll help on it. Tildy works on the dress while Charity makes the poultice, and the conversation turns, on Emeline's illness and the doctor. "Doctors is mighty unconcerned here lately," asserts Tildy; and Charity affirms this view with "I don't have too much confidence in none of 'em." This leads to a further discussion of doctors. "The doctor said the last time he was here he might have to op'rate—said she might have a chance then", says Charity. She goes on: "But I tell you the truth, I've got no faith a tall in 'em. They takes all your money for nothing." "No, they ain't sure. That's it exzactly," says Tildy. "They takes your money jest the same and, and leaves you flat."

The uncertainty of the skill of the doctors suggests to Charity the idea that her daughter will probably not be here for long, and turns her thoughts to Zeke's and little Bessie's funerals. "It worries me," says Charity when I think about how Zeke was put y—that ugly pine coffin, jest one shabby old hack and nothing else." Little Bessie was even worse.

"We all jest scrouged in one hack and took her little coffin in our lap all the way out to the graveyard," says Charity, breaking into tears. So Charity has made up her mind that the next funeral must be grand. "I made up my mind that last time, that the next time one of us what died would have everything gran'—plumes. I saved and saved and now—" "All they think about is cutting and killing and taking your money" answers Tildy. The two women proceed to drink the coffee which has been boiling on the stove. After emptying her cup, Charity looks at the grounds and wonders what they mean. If only Dilia Morris would drop in and tell her the meaning of these grounds. Tildy pipes up that she can tell what the grounds have to say. After the proper ceremony Tildy examines the cup; turning to Charity she tells her that she hasn't seen a cup like that since "jest before her ma died." Tildy goes on; her description of what she sees is that of a funeral. Outside there is the tramp of horses, the ringing of the church bell; they look out the window and see "Bell Gibson's funeral coming from Mt. Zion." "My Lord, ain't it grand—Look at them horses—look at their heads—plumes—how they shake em. Land-o-mighty!" exclaims Charity.

The doctor comes, decides that he must



operate if Emeline is to recover and tells the mother that he has cut the price to fifty dollars. Charity wants to know if he is sure that her Emeline will recover; he tells her that he can't be certain. The mother loves her child, but the doctor is not sure of the efficacy of his operation; then too, coffee grounds don't lie, and a funeral with plumes will cost exactly fifty dollars. "Fifty dollars, so Matilda Jenkins told me. Them plumes is what costs," Charity had said while watching Bell Gibson's funeral procession. Fifty dollars to the doctor for an operation—"I'd jest be spending this money that I needs—for nothing, nothing." He can't promise her a thing—fifty dollars—for nothing, nothing at all. Plumes? She can get a fine funeral, with plumes, for fifty dollars."

Dr. Scott goes back to his office, not before telling Charity, however, that if she decides on the operation to run over and tell him. In the meantime Tildy enters from the yard where she has been hanging out clothes. Seeing Charity she questions: "What's the matter?" "The doctor wants to operate," answers Charity. "I can't see what's the use myself—he can't save her with no operation, coffee grounds don't lie," confirms Tildy. While the two women are sitting in the silence trying to decide what to do about the operation a strangling noise comes from the inner room, and Charity runs in to find that her Emeline is dead. Now she can have a funeral with plumes.

A thoughtfully worked out one-act play is "Plumes." The mother Charity wants her daughter, if she dies, to have a fine funeral—to have plumes; yet she loves her and would willingly pay the doctor the fifty dollars if her superstitions didn't convince her that the doctor's "operation" was useless. Fifty dollars to the doctor for nothing when the coffee grounds have already told her that Emeline is going to die; so she quite naturally decides that it is better to let the operation go and take the fifty dollars and put it into a funeral with plumes.

"The Common Sense Conception of The Race Problem" (Boston: Back Bay P. O. Box 299), by Raphael P. Powell. Mr. Powell tells us in his preface that it is his earnest desire that his little book will usher us into "the folds of perpetual happiness", which is nonsense to start with. He starts his book, or rather pamphlet, with a definition of "common sense" that is neither sense nor common; defines faith and admonishes us that "If black men will work with faith \* \* \* God will work with them"; and great powers shall fall before them"; and goes on to tell us that "It seems a fallacy to believe that one race will conscientiously and in good faith endeavor to lift another race to its highest level or above itself." This sort of stuff about the race problem is as old as the hills, and a glance at the first page tells me that this man Powell is neither a writer nor a thinker. Some of the best heads of our

time have written about the American race problem, so when a man sits down to pen his thoughts on it he must have something original to say, or show us facets of it hitherto unknown; otherwise what he has to say will simply be one more silly dissertation added to an already mounting amphigouri.

"The Evil Religion Does" (Boston: The Liberty Press: \$2.00), by Morrison I. Swift. Mr. Swift makes a ludicrous travesty of a fine idea. All that he does with it is to burke it, so to speak, under a farago of words. He is hazy in his thought and is not at all times careful of his syllogisms. The author actually deceives himself when he imagines that he is disturbed because of the evil done by religion. He is, I imagine, from the way he writes, a good New England Yankee, one of the superior Nordics, who has been suddenly aroused to the fact that other peoples have dispossessed him. The fair fields and fertile hill sides of New England are dotted with the farms of Portuguese, Greeks, Italians and a sprinkling of Irish. These races are surely not Nordics. And in finance, that other non-Nordic race, the Jews, have an enormous power; so what could be more natural than for the good Mr. Swift to sound his horn of alarm. The Jews and the Orientals come in for a full dose of his prejudices. He has found more Jewish conspiracies than has Mr. Ford and his "Dearborn Independent" since they started "Proctol" hunting. He has such a dislike for the Jews that he sees them everywhere, there are ten millions of them in America, he tells us, when there are only a few more than three million. After squirting some of his Nordic amber on the Jews, he turns his squirt gun on the Catholics, spraying them with a few more of his inaccuracies and hates, and then he winds up by giving the Protestants a good dousing.

Is there any truth in Mr. Swift's thesis: that to follow the dogmas and principles of religion to their logical conclusions is to create problems just as bad as those the dogmas and principles set out to solve? Yes, a great deal; but Mr. Swift bogs his whole case by inane prejudices and petty hates.

When he discusses the harm that religion does, and can do, he adds absolutely nothing to what Ward, Fuerbach, Schopenhauer and others, have said on this question. This man Swift doesn't think, but, to use Mr. Henshaw Ward's coinage he "thobs", because he fears that if the white race in America pursues its present course it will be superseded by the more vigorous and adaptable non-Nordics. Everywhere in America the so-called Anglo-Saxon is losing his previous position of ascendancy, and he is, quite naturally, alarmed. Mr. Swift puts the blame for everything that is wrong in America on the shoulders of the Jews. It is their religion, which is Judaism and not Christianity, that is the cause of it all, he solemnly tells us again and again, apparently never realizing that

other races have added much to the present Christian system which he so cordially hates. Really he fears the Jews not so much for their foisting of a religion on the so-called Anglo-Saxons as he does for their demonstrated superiority. Man hates his superiors with as much venom as he disdains his inferiors.

## Herskovitz Error

Prof. Melville Herskovitz, a white professor in Northwestern University, has just written a new book, "The New Negro," a study in racial crossing—published by Alfred Knopf, Inc. N. Y.

Prof. Herskovitz measured the nostrils, lips and legs of a number of colored folk and concluded that America has produced a new race in between the wide nostriled African and narrow nosed white man. 2-11-28

Not satisfied here, he ventured to predict that the American Negro will not be absorbed by the white race but will become a stabilized type and continue as a distinct brown-skinned part of the community.

Prof. Herskovitz may know his anthropology, but he does not know his economics.

Color prejudice is too strong in America. It is forcing Negroes to straighten curly heads. Eventually Poro, Mme. Walker, Plough, Kohinoor and other companies will find a way to whiten their skins as well. When that day comes, good-bye to Prof. Herskovitz's measurements of lips, nostrils and legs.

Every year we go over into the white race, that is, "pass for white" by the hundreds. Another generation will "pass" by the thousands.

### THE SLAVE TRADE

STAINED SAILS. By John T. McIntyre. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company \$2.

A VIGOROUS and compelling novel might conceivably be written on the theme of the old slave trade. It would be possible to write colorfully and yet powerfully of the traffic in human flesh which formed so conspicuous a feature of the commerce of the eighteenth century. Yet John T. McIntyre, although he touches upon this theme and begins with a vague intimation of the horrors of the slave ships, has not launched forth vitally into the subject that his book suggests; he has not made the slave trade real, and has not described it in detail or with imagination; he has avoided the possibility of doing something arresting by confining himself in the main to a love story not far from the conventional.

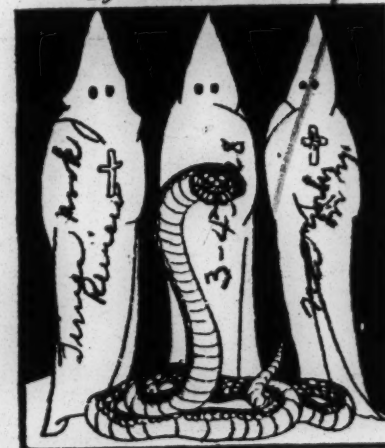
In the beginning, we find ourselves aboard a slave ship, which is described much too sketchily; then, with kaleidoscopic speed, we are transferred to England, where we remain for the better part of 300 pages. We are now concerned largely with the young and beautiful Ann, who admires Mr. John Paul (later to be known as John

Paul Jones), but who refuses to wed him because he becomes involved on a ship devoted to the trade she loathes. Having declined him finally, she marries a merchant, who, ironically, proceeds also to develop an interest in slaves, and even invests his fortune in a ship devoted to the slave trade. The climax arrives when she once more meets John Paul, now in the American service, and pleads with him not to spare her husband's ship lest thereby he drag the two of them into shame.

This theme, even as Mr. McIntyre has chosen to depict it, has possibilities enough; but most of those possibilities are wasted because of the method of telling. There are no vivid or gripping scenes; the piece does not hold one as a narrative; there is far too much conversation—conversation not of the dramatic type that is always desirable, but of that trivial variety which is almost always boring.

## THE SHADOW FROM THE BOGUE

By Clement Wood



Read it and Creep \$2.00  
E. P. DUTTON & CO.



# Black Blood Simmers in the Caribbean Melting Pot

*A Spanish Observer Claims That the "Agony of the Antilles" Is Due to "Africanization"*

LA AGONIA ANTILLANA: El Imperialismo Yanqui en el Mar Caribe. By Luis Araquistain. Madrid: Espasa Calpe, S. A. 1928.

By MUNA LEE

**L**UIS ARAQUISTAIN, too bold and brilliant a critic of contemporary institutions not to have fallen into frequent disfavor with the authorities of his own country, has published an account of his visit to the Caribbean in 1926-27. While he considered his investigations on that occasion to the Greater Antilles—Porto Rico, Santo Domingo and Haiti and Cuba—he asserts that what he says is applicable not only to these but to "all the other Antilles and to a great part of continental America washed by the Caribbean Sea." The book is in effect a diagnosis. Its uncompromising title indicates the author's conclusion; it is the "agony" of the Antilles which he has considered, though he reminds us that agony is not yet death, but a last struggle for life.

Written primarily for a Hispanic audience, the book is not meant as an international amenity. "In such times as these, the traditional Spanish and Spanish-American endearments are not fitting," declares Araquistain harshly; and, again, "while walking over a dangerous volcano, it is not easy to sing useless lyrics to the stars." Spanish lecturers in Latin America seem to have differed notably from British lecturers in the United States. Araquistain finds that there has been too much praise by Spaniards of "anything pertaining to our race, even though it be false, inept, ugly or unjust." Heretofore, he says, in the long dialogue between Spaniards and Spanish-Americans, the critical spirit has been almost wholly lacking. That detached judicial spirit he

promises in his preface. Araquistain's sincerity, courage and enthusiasm are unquestionable. But, like most of us, he has the defects of his qualities. The book, appearing several months ago in Madrid, has roused cyclonic comment. Prohibited in Cuba, not only conservatives but many liberals have condemned it. Spanish opinion is divided, some newspapers endorsing the author's findings; others, notably La Nacion, upholding Cuban action in barring the book and declaring that its chief effect is to wound Antillean pride. Not Araquistain's good faith but his freedom from bias is frequently questioned. Meantime, of course, the book, smuggled in, sells the better in Cuba for having been banned, and is hotly discussed throughout Spanish America.

Its underlying argument will strike strangely on the mind of the general reader, though not so strangely on the student of Spanish-American history. It is, in the author's words, that

the work of political and social decadence initiated in this archipelago [the Antilles] by different European nations—with the exception of Spain, the only one which in its colonies maintained the predominance of the white race—is being completed by the United States. Spain Europeanized her possessions, while France, England, Holland, Denmark—and now the North American Republic—Africanized theirs; destroying the germs of nationality and white civilization which the earliest colonizers bore from Europe. Much has been said, with justice, against the Spanish colonization of America; but the criticism of other modern colonizations as yet remains unwritten. What is lacking above all is a good history of comparative colonization. The Antilles afford a fertile field for study.

The United States, we are informed, dislodged Spain little by little, and by purchase or conquest is dislodging the weaker European nations.

Upon transforming its national into an international economy, upon finding itself insufficient to itself both as producer and as consumer \* \* \* the North American Empire (empire in fact, though it still preserves the republican form in name) has been compelled to seek beyond its own

frontiers markets for its surplus production, raw materials for its deficient production, and food for its consumption.

This complicated exterior economy requires a powerful navy; the navy



A Group of Women Students From the University of Porto Rico, Dancing to Andalusian Music in a Pavilion on the Campus.

in turn necessitates control of important maritime routes and supply stations. Hence, "This is the tragedy of the Antilles and the Central American republics; their geographic position between the United States and the Panama Canal." Moreover, these countries of tropical America being not only important strategically but rich in natural products—sugar, coffee, tobacco, fruits—and being, further, good markets for United States

manufacturers, they are "doubly squeezed, as producer and as consumer."

This dominion exercised by the United States—which, with admirable restraint, this author refrains from referring to as "the Colossus of the North"—varies, he says, according to the resistance offered or to the best interests of the United States:

It is complete in Porto Rico; partial, by treaty, in Cuba; in some countries it occupies the Customs, as guarantee of loans and with right of intervention to assure them, as in Santo Domingo; in others, it establishes a permanent military occupation as in Haiti. If it needs to constitute an independent republic, for reasons of naval or mercantile strategy, it amputates it from the body to which it belongs, as Panama from Colombia. \* \* \* If it fear lest another great power open an interoceanic passage through Nic-



aragua, it acquires an option by force. The State aids private enterprise, and private enterprise the State.

The malignant disease fostered by this state of affairs, asserts Araquistain, the curse which is destroying the Antilles, is absentee landlordism with a dangerous economic and social corollary, the "Africanization" of the islands; declaring that both absentee landlordism and Africanization were absent, as dangers, under the Spanish régime. His amplification and explanation of this declaration constitute the greater part of the book.

The absentee landlord, he reminds us, is by no means a problem of the American Antilles exclusively. Pliny the Elder's Latifundia perdidere Italiam could be applied widely. It is Araquistain's conviction that the forms of territorial property have been one of the most determinative factors in the growth and decline of nations. "Absentee landlords destroyed Rome and feudal France." The historical Spanish policy has always been to distribute the land. The Spanish rulers

knew perfectly well that the best warrior is the one with something to defend. In our own times, the heroic patriotism of which France gave proof in 1914, when all the world believed her little less decadent than ancient Rome, must be partially explained by the enormous number of small property holdings. No patriotism is so strong as that which has its roots in the soil.

The facile conquest of Inca America, with a civilization seemingly so formidable, is similarly explained. The Inca civilization was precarious, without intimate social cohesion—a privileged caste, half-military, half-sacerdotal, dominating immense servile hordes. "For this reason, not solely on account of the technical inferiority of their weapons, they succumbed to a handful of invaders."

Spain transplanted to America her system of tierras realengas, lands partitioned by the kings among their subjects overseas, foundations of the future Spanish-American countries. There were some colonial absentee landlords, but Araquistain insists these did not injure the people and affect social progress as do absentee sugar landlords, who never came into existence in the Spanish colonies. And then he echoes the reader's instinctive query. "Why not in these, since there were absentee sugar landlords in the colonies of the other Euro-

pean powers?" Answering his query—the answer requires more than one hundred pages—Araquistain draws heavily upon and gives due credit to the book of the great Cuban economist, Ramiro Guerra, "Azúcar y Población en las Antillas"—"Sugar and Population in the West Indies."

Under the Spanish régime he finds, by one of those paradoxes not uncommon in history, that an evil produced a good. The evil was the economic monopoly imposed by Spain upon her colonies. They could not trade with other countries, nor could other countries introduce merchandise nor capital into Spanish possessions. These rigid restrictions, with the expul-

sion of the Jews, which stimulated modern capitalism in the rest of Europe, retarded capitalistic development in general and especially the evolution of the sugar industry within the Spanish Empire. The rapid development of a great sugar industry, as in Barbados, required enormous capital, which Spaniards neither possessed nor could borrow.

In 1763—more than a century and a half after the establishment of the industry—Cuba barely produced 21,000 arrobas [an arroba is 25 pounds], a quantity insignificant in comparison with what this privileged island can produce: more than five million tons in 1925, with the maximum production still unattained.

The fall of Haiti—"the sugar storehouse of the eighteenth century" (Haiti supplied three-fourths of the world's consumption at that time)—greatly stimulated Cuban production. In the first five years of the nineteenth century Cuba's annual exportation was about three million arrobas; in 1840 it was more than ten million. But Araquistain cites the number of sugar plantations to prove that sugar holdings were not concentrated in a few hands: there were 478 of these at the close of the eighteenth century, 1,000 in 1827, and by 1860 some 2,000—probably the maximum number for the island. Those plantations were relatively small, as were also plantations given over to coffee, cotton, tobacco and truck farming. "The era of the absentee landlord had not yet dawned."

Population increased with the cane fields.

There came a time when Cuba ran the risk of becoming Africanized like Barbados, like the other black Antilles. It was when in 1762 Havana fell into the hands of the English. During the months of British control it is calculated that more than 10,000

African negroes entered the island. With Cuba restored to Spain the importation of slaves continued, but not to such extent as for them radically to replace white labor as in the other Antilles, but only to supply the scarcity of hands. There was, nevertheless, a period during which the negroes outnumbered the whites—an 1827 census enumerates a total population of 704,487: consisting of 311,057 whites and 393,436 negroes, slave and free.

But this process was checked, we are told, partly because of the years of extraordinary prosperity which followed Haiti's downfall as a sugar factory, when Cuban sugar production, normalized, required fewer laborers; and partly because in 1821 Spain suppressed traffic in slaves, even though, as Araquistain does not fail to note, it went on for some time as contraband.

Certainly [Araquistain says—and it is one of the statements that has aroused feeling against his book in Cuba]—the white population is not absolutely pure. In Cuba there are numbers of mulattoes. \* \* \* Nevertheless, when one compares its population and that of the erstwhile Spanish Antilles—Porto Rico and Santo Domingo—with that of the Antilles dominated by other European powers, the following fact looms irrefutably: at the close of the Spanish rule the white population predominated, though it was not entirely unmixed. The same phenomenon was repeated in the rest of Spanish America. This is the good brought about by the bad system of Spanish colonization; the restriction of economic liberty retarded the development of the riches of the colonies on the one hand; but, on the other, this hindrance prevented the

formation of the absentee industrial system which, as in Barbados, paralyzed social progress; or, as in Haiti, provoked a premature emancipation which turned into a permanent state of anarchy, propitious to a new foreign domination. The division of property in Cuba during the Spanish domination created little by little a strong spirit of independence which cost rivers of blood before its final triumph in 1898. But this victory gave citizenship to a hitherto undesirable guest: the absentee sugar landlord, whose system undermines the foundation of the

new nationality and threatens to lower it socially to the level of Barbados.

This discussion of Cuba, richest and most powerful of the Antilles, is the crux of Araquistain's argument. To Cuba he gives 124 pages, to Porto Rico 77. Surprisingly, he passes over the richly controversial ground of the Dominican Republic with a cursory 21. Haiti has 39.

His discussion of Porto Rico, even more than a social and economic investigation of that poverty-stricken island, is a graphic study of the present insular psychology.

Of all the countries of America [he tells us] Porto Rico is actually the most dramatic; the only one of the American peoples with a well-defined sentiment of nationality which has not achieved realization. The territories of America which exist as colonies—the Guianas of Brazil and the Lesser Antilles, divided among England, France and Holland; Canada, and Jamaica and the Bahamas, which form part of the British Empire—do not yet feel

national spirit as a desire for independence. Consequently, they afford no historic drama. Only Porto Rico, of all the American peoples dowered with national spirit, continues subject by law to a foreign sovereignty. It passed from Spaniards to North Americans like a chattel, a thing, as in other epochs a slave passed from hand to hand without his will being consulted.

Then follows an assertion which exemplifies Araquistain's enthusiastic readiness to accept too readily as fact a statement pleasing to his theory.

Even more, without consulting the desire [of Porto Rico], frequently expressed, but still unknown to most historians, purchase by an indemnity, however great the sum—its option as to independence or to continuing bound in some form to Spain. Of the serious errors committed by Spain in the war of 1898 and the Treaty of Paris, this was the greatest: not to have heard Porto Rico. And this will be the last wound of those still bleeding in their colonial history which Porto Ricans will forget.

If such an offer were made—I have been unable to find it recorded—it was made privately, one might say secretly; for not only "most historians" but most, if not all, Porto Ricans are absolutely unaware of it. The vagueness of "an indemnity, however great the sum," the failure to give any authority whatever for so important a statement, its whole air of "rabbit out of handkerchief," are unfortunate; not only because they cast doubt on the author's accuracy in other respects, but because they divert attention from the essential truth of his closing statement, a truth

most Americans and most Spaniards have forgotten or never knew. The fact that Porto Rico—which had not been, like Cuba, at war with Spain—was indeed handed over by the Treaty of Paris without her will's having been consulted, quite like a piece of inert property, is a wound to Porto Rican pride which went deep and festers always in the insular subconsciousness, and which has shown itself symptomatically time after time during the past thirty years.

For the rest, the comments on Porto Rico, while presenting merely one visitor's reactions and that visitor a firebrand, are illuminating as well as searing. To be just, Araquistain, without apparent reluctance, gives credit where he believes it merited, as, for example, to the University of Porto Rico, one of the most interesting educational experiments of our time. An institution uniting in itself both North American and Spanish elements, giving to and receiving from both culturally, he finds it to be a laboratory of international friendship and understanding. In the university and the high schools of the islands, he says, the Spanish classics are probably more attentively studied than in secondary schools and universities of Spain.

The University of Porto Rico assiduously encourages this Hispanic movement. Dr. Benner, the Chancellor, is too intelligent not to have realized the importance of having a North American university in Porto Rico which serves as a bond between Spanish and Anglo-Saxon cultures and as an attraction to Americans—North, Central, South—who wish to perfect their knowledge of the Spanish language or to acquire a scientific discipline. \* \* \* The centre of intellectual Pan-Americanism cannot be in the United States. Porto Rico would be a good seat.

The most striking thing about Porto Rico Araquistain finds to be its uncertainty—a shrewd and just comment. The prevalent states of opinion, he observes, oscillate between doubt and discontent. About the political situation he is frankly pessimistic, sharing some of that doubt which he considers so marked an element of the Porto Rican temperament:

I make a last effort to formulate to myself what the Porto Ricans think about their political situation. How would a plebiscite result? That would depend upon its terms. As between independence and the present status, sort of colony with quite ample autonomy—probably the majority would vote for independence. As between independence and statehood, with the same rights as the other States, the decision would not be so easy. The nationalist

a right which they fear perhaps they could not preserve if Porto Rico achieved independence. The conduct of some South American countries toward their workers is not in fact very heartening. But in all probability there will never be a plebiscite in Porto Rico to solve the political situation. The ruling classes have renounced all extreme solutions, believing them impossible, taking into consideration only the physical desires.

in greater or less degree, the majority of Porto Ricans, through the tendency of the territorial property to become concentrated in foreign hands and be exploited by the great sugar and tobacco industries; and the laborers, because the United States Constitution assures them the right of association, assembly, and free speech indispensable for the development of their trade unions.

sentiment of the majority would again incline them toward independence, but considerations of expediency would make many hesitate, to say the least; those who are still proprietors of the country's natural resources, and members of the liberal professions which depend upon these, because the customs union with the United States favors Porto Rico's general production, though, individually, it injures,



query—the answer requires more than one hundred pages—Araquistain draws heavily upon and gives due credit to the book of the great

due credit to the book on the 500th anniversary of the death of the Cuban economist, Ramiro Guerra, "Azúcar y Población en las Antillas"—"Sugar and Population in the West Indies."

Under the Spanish regime finds, by one of those paradoxes not uncommon in history, that an evil produced a good. The evil was the economic monopoly imposed by Spain upon her colonies. They could not trade with other countries, nor could other countries in-

introduce merchandise not  
into Spanish possessions. These  
rigid restrictions, with the ex-  
pulsion of the Jews, which stimulat-

the modern capitalism in the European countries, retarded capitalism in Europe, retarded economic development in general and especially the evolution of the sugar industry within the Spanish Empire. The rapid development of a great sugar industry, as in Barbados, required enormous capital, which Spain neither possessed nor could borrow more than a century

The fall of Haiti — "the s

storehouse of the century" (Haiti supplied three-fourths of the world's consumption at the time)—greatly stimulated Cane production. In the first five decades of the nineteenth century Cane annual exportation was about 10 million arrobas; in 1840 it was 20 million. But Aracu cities the number of sugar plantations to prove that sugar was not concentrated in a few hands; there were 478 of them in 1840.

The close of the eighteenth century, the number of plantations on the island was 1,000 in 1827, and by 1860 2,000—probably the maximum number for the island. Those plantations were relatively small, and also plantations given over to coffee, cotton, tobacco and farming. "The era of the slave landlord had not yet dawned. Population increased with cane fields.

There came a time when ran the risk of becoming Africanized like Barbados, like the black Antilles. It was the 1762 Havana fell into the

lower it socially to the level of Barbados. This discussion of Cuba, richest and most powerful of the Antilles is the crux of Araquistain's argument. To Cuba he gives 124 pages to Porto Rico 77. Surprisingly, he passes over the richly controversial ground of the Dominican Republic with a cursory 21. Haiti has 39.

His discussion of more than a social and economic investigation of that poverty-stricken island, is a graphic study of the present insular psychology of the present insular psychology of all the countries of America [he tells us] Porto Rico is actually the most dramatic; the only one of the American peoples with a well-defined sense of national identity which has not achieved realization. The territories of America which exist as colonies are the Guianas of Brazil and the Lesser Antilles, divided among England, France and Holland Canada, and Jamaica and the Bahamas, which form part of the British Empire—do not yet feel national stirrings and a desire for independence.

dependence. Consequently, the effort to do a historic drama, like *Porto Rico*, of all the American peoples dowered with national spirit, continues subject by law to a foreign sovereignty. It passes from Spaniards to North Americans like a chattel, a thing, as it were, that has been passed from one epoch to another without being consulted. Then follows an assertion which exemplifies Araguin's enthusiastic readiness to accept too readily a statement pleading to

Even more, without consulting the desire (of Porto Rico), the quickly expressed, but still known to most historians, to purchase by any indemnity, however great the sum—its opinion as to dependence or to continue bound in some form to Spain. Of the serious errors committed by Spain in the war of 1898, the Treaty of Paris, this was the greatest: not to have heard Porto Rico. And this with the wound of those still bleeding from their colonial history which Port Ricans will forget.

If such an offer were made, I have been unable to find it recorded—it was made privately in the most secret way, for not one of the "most historians" but most, I am sure, of the "most historians" all, Porto Ricans are absolutely aware of it. The vagueness of indemnity, however great the failure to give any authority for so important a whole air of "rabbinism," are unfortunately

...final not only because they cast  
...on the author's accuracy in  
...hitherto respects, but because they  
...essence attention from the essential  
...system of his closing statement, a

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page is bound into a dark, possibly black, cover material. There is no text or other markings on the page.

and and  
ways in-  
l leaders  
ask no  
eir judg-  
disposed  
d neither  
ission to  
ing that  
ll grant  
he other,  
unable to  
res.

cal weakness of the is  
not its moral force, al  
calculable. The politica  
have come to wish to  
more than what in th  
ment the United States is  
to grant. They deman  
independence nor adm  
the Union, presuppos  
North Americans wi  
neither the one nor t  
and feeling themselves  
impose their own desir

which they fear perhaps  
did not preserve if Porto  
cleaved independence. The  
of some South American  
n toward their workers  
a fact very heartening.  
all probability there will  
e a plebiscite in Porto  
solve the political situa-  
the ruling classes have re-  
all extreme solutions  
g them impossible, taking  
consideration only the phys-

or less degree, the ma-  
jority of the territorial  
become concentrated  
hands and be exploited  
at sugar and tobacco  
and the laborers, be-  
United States Constitu-  
s them the right of as-  
sembly, and free  
dispensable for the de-  
of their trade unions—

in greater or  
jority of P  
the tenden  
property to  
in foreign h  
by the gre  
industries;  
cause the U  
tion assure  
sociation,  
speech ind  
velopment

sentiment of the majority again incline them to independence, but considering expediency would not hesitate, to say the least, who are still proprietors of the country's natural resources, members of the liberal nations which depend upon them, because the customs of the United States favor the general interests of the world, though, individually



# BOOK REVIEW

## An Example for Harlem Writers

### THE SATURDAY EVENING QUILL

#### The Annual of the Saturday Evening Quill Club of Boston

THIS is an annual magazine; at least the editor says it hopes to be. If annual means and material are lacking, it will appear whenever it can. The magazine is unusual because it is not for sale. The members of the Saturday Evening Quill Club, a group of Boston writers, finance it and contribute to it for their own pleasure and edification, without caring especially whether it be praised or damned. They confess that they have published it out of very human vanity and egotism. Thus reads their engaging preface. It is brave talk, but it sounds like a lover's "I don't care" when the loved one turns cold. An author who really does not care whether his or her work is liked is either more or less than human.

The book is made up of short stories, playlets, verse and articles. The playlets may be counted out from the start; they lack movement, motive and machinery. The articles are much better; they show penetration and maturity. Roscoe Wright tersely deplores the murder of Negro spirituals to satisfy Caucasian audiences, and he is right; too many singers try to render the spirituals in the old Italian bel canto style, and the result is like an ill-fitting dress suit.

Florence R. Ridley's essay on old Bostonians has the authentic flavor of the old New England essay; it has more atmosphere than anything else in the book. Eugene Gordon's closing article on uncritical criticism is a refreshing refutation of all the million-worded hokum about Negro literature that has been filling literary columns for the past few years.

Most of the poets in this book have either forgotten or have not yet learned that poetry, in any form, must have two elements—beauty and rhythm. They have good conceptions but they dog them with awkward execution. Just as a poem is about to soar they bring it down with a flat, commonplace word. One poet, Waring Cuney, is addicted to Langston Hughes's repetitive formula, and his refrain often crowds out the song itself; you can't hear the singer above the accompaniment. Clifford Miller has deep thoughts, but his wings are not yet strong enough to lift them. The children's poems of Grace Parthenia McBrown are

really the best in the book because the treatment fits the thought; they are as light as thistle-down. In the short stories the conception is hampered by the execution. They start well, but something happens to them. They are spoiled by some glaring improbability or are left hanging in the air. The first story in the book is good but inconclusive.

Eugene Gordon's story, "Allen," has the reader going till we reach the place where a Negro in the South, having killed a white man, does not run away, but lies down for a nap on the man's own farm, beside the spring where he may be discovered at any moment. Dorothy West should leave story-writing and return to poetry.

Yet with all the natural immaturity and awkwardness, it is good to see such movements as the Saturday Evening Quill Club. Of such things good literature will come. These writers will not always be crude, their poems will not always flap and limp, their playlets in time will move with grace and direction. Most of these writers have the prime requisite, conception, and with practice they will learn execution. Harlem writers should follow their example, not with a prostitute's directory like "Fire," but with a magazine aiming at real literary expression.—AUBREY BOWSER.

# Chestnutt To Publish First Novel In Twenty Years

6/30/28

## His Book On Stand

CLEVELAND, O., June 28.—

Recently awarded the Spingarn Medal for his "pioneer work as a literary artist depicting the life and struggle of Afro-Americans, and for his long and useful career as scholar, worker and freeman of one of America's greatest cities," Mr. Charles W. Chestnutt announces that he has just completed what will be his first novel in 20 years. "The book," he states, "is a novel dealing with Negro life of the present day, just as my former novels dealt with the same subject 25 years ago."

This book, the name of which Mr. Chestnutt is not ready to divulge, and which will be off the press during the winter, will be his seventh. He began writing short stories in 1887 for the Atlantic Monthly. These he later collected in a book and called the book "The Conjure Woman." This was followed by "The Wife of His Youth" and "The Life of Frederick Douglass." In 1910, he wrote his most famous book, "The House Behind the Cedars," to be followed by "The Marrow of Tradition," and in 1905 "The Colonel's Dream."

Mr. Chestnutt, who has read all the books on and by Negroes, believes that young colored writers are doing some worthwhile work, and that Langston Hughes and Countee Cullen are real poets. He says, "We can confidently look forward in the near future to a large body of good literature from colored writers."

The Spingarn Medal award will be made in Los Angeles during the 19th annual conference of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People by the Lieutenant-Governor of California. Mr. Chestnutt and his wife left Cleveland, Friday, June 22, and will return over a northern route by way of the Canadian Rockies. They will be gone about a month.

Aside from his work as a novelist, Mr. Chestnutt is known in Cleveland as a lawyer and court reporter. He is the father of four children, three girls—two are teachers in the public schools here and one is the wife of Professor E. C. Williams of Howard University, and one son, Dr. Edwin J. Chestnutt of Chicago.



DR. RUDOLPH FISHER

One of the new Knopf authors, whose first novel, "The Walls of Jericho," will be published on August 3, is a physician by profession. Dr. Fisher wrote the novel on a bet that no one short novel could blend the extremes of Harlem society into a single integral story—successfully. Dr. Fisher is well known in the magazine field, as he is a frequent contributor to the Atlantic Monthly, McClure's Magazine and other periodicals.



## THE LITERARY PROCESSION.

The progress of the literary movement among Negroes has been marked by several highpoints during the past six months which tend to confirm the belief that works by and about the race still retain interest for publishers, reviewers and readers. Naturally, it is not always the books possessing genuine merit that score a success as best sellers. An example of that fact was furnished in the case of Claude McKay's "Home to Harlem," which reached its seventh or eighth printing and kept its place in the lists of the best sellers for several months. Yet its chief claim to distinction was its coarseness of diction in depicting the absence of morals and state of sexual promiscuity among certain groups in Harlem and Brooklyn. Not since Fielding's "Tom Jones" have sexual relations been handled with such brutal frankness and crudeness of language.

The most important production in the form of fiction was undoubtedly the novel by Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, entitled "Dark Princess." While the early chapters, describing the European encounters, suggested the flamboyancy of an Oppenheim thriller, the chapters dealing with the political intrigues of Chicago were circumstantial and convincing. In the drawing of Sara Andrews, the feminine lobbyist and wirepuller who put a price on everything except her chastity, we find Becky Sharp of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," in a modern version, with bobbed hair and irreproachable hosiery. Despite the loving care that the author lavished on the character of his Dark Princess, the first wife of her hero was the more vivid and living figure, although repellent because of her mercenary and grasping nature. The Pan-African propaganda was put over with the author's usual intensity and eloquence, being skillfully interwoven as an essential part of the romance surrounding the East Indian heroine, who gave her title to the book. All in all, Dr. DuBois has given us a rattling good story, with a wealth of material that would have served to

furnish at least three ordinary novels.

"Quicksand," by Nella Larsen, is a novel of frustration, which presents a peculiar study in the psychology of her heroine, whose life is a failure through no one's fault but her own innate perverseness. Helga Crane was the daughter of a Danish mother and a Negro American father, and her temperament alternated between the two different strains, with the disastrous result that she could adopt neither permanently nor even find refuge in a middle of the road course. Repelling the growing interest of the colored educator who she discovered too late was the man she really loved, she went to Denmark and disappointed her mother's family by refusing to marry a Danish artist, who became fascinated by her. Her return to New York opened her eyes too late, for the man she really loved had married her friend and proved faithful to his choice.

The incident of her accidental attendance at a religious revival meeting, with its cataclysmic effect, and her hasty marriage to the unlettered preacher, inconsistent as they sound, are made to appear as the inevitable outcome of the emotional conflict within her. Her submergence into the role of the unwilling mother of a numerous progeny, whom she had to rear in primitive surroundings, is invested with a sense of human tragedy.

A unique production in the publishing line is the Saturday Evening Quill, being the annual of the Saturday Evening Quill Club of Boston. In a statement to the reader, we are told that it hopes to appear annually and will, provided it has something to publish and money to pay the printer. Its purpose being chiefly to present original work of the club members to themselves, the publication is not for sale. To quote the statement further: "Members are not particularly desirous of hearing praise of what is found herein, but will listen to it, as also they will listen to adverse criticism." The ages of contributors run all the way from 22 to 60 odd. The club is an organization of Boston writers, most of whom

are not professionals. Their names are given as follows: Ralf M. Coleman, Marion G. Conover, Waring Cuney, Alice Chapman Furlong, Eugene Gordon, Edythe Mae Gordon, Florence Marion Harmon, Alvira Hazzard, George Reginald Margetson, Gertrude P. McBrown, Clifford L. Miller, Joseph S. Mitchell, Grace Vera Postles, Florida Ruffin Ridley, Ferdinand L. Rousseve, Gertrude Schalk, Dorothy West, Roscoe Wright. The 72 pages of verse and prose will bear comparison with current magazine literature and fortify the contention that Boston is still a literary centre.

A more pretentious volume, resembling the Quill, annual in style, was published by Opportunity magazine of New York, under the title of "Ebony and Topaz, a Collectanea," edited by Charles S. Johnson. Purists have taken exception to the use of the singular article with the term collectanea, as the dictionary classifies it as a plural noun. Leaving that stricture as a moot question for literary debating circles, the volume furnishes additional evidence of the effort toward self-expression in prose and verse, with some original drawings and valuable reproductions. The contributors to this collection are drawn from both races and include some writers who rank as professionals. Its range of contents is wide and varied and its plan resembles that followed by Dr. Alaine Locke in "The New Negro."

Besides these books written by Negro authors, there have been a number of other volumes dealing with racial subjects by white writers. Notable among these may be mentioned: "Black Majesty," a sympathetic and stirring recital of the career of King Henri Christophe of Haiti, by the author of "Tom Tom," John W. Vandercook. In it we are told of Christophe's obsession for work and how it tended to bring about his downfall. "Rainbow Round My Shoulder" tells the story of a black Ulysses, whose wanderings in forty states are recounted by Howard W. Odum. James L. Sibley and Dr. D. Westermann, in the volume en-

titled "Liberia—Old and New," give the results of a study of its social and economic background with possibilities of development.

Judging by the publishers' output of the past six months, it looks as if the Negro writer was establishing his place as an integral factor in the march of American literature. At no time since the birth of the Anglo-African Magazine, nearly a century ago, have the contributions of the race been so prolific and trenchant. And the past history and present tendencies of African peoples in various parts of the world continue to furnish fruitful themes for other writers. In the literary procession of the times the Negro has achieved a conspicuous position. It is up to our writers to make the most of their calling.



# Frenchman Uses Negro To Slap At Civilization

Negro As Center Of Theme In Novel Is Becoming As Popular In Europe As In America

By JAME W. IVY

The Negro is fast becoming as popular a theme for the French novelist as he now is for the American. French novelists, good, bad, or indifferent, devote their attention to him. One of the latest French novelists to write a novel with a Negro as the central character is M. Philippe Soupault. His book is LE NEGRE (The Negro).

Let me tell my readers something about the author, M. Soupault. He is a well known writer of one of the many sophisticated coteries which infest the French capital. He labels himself a Super-Realist. But he first came into public prominence as a champion of DADA, which in a general sense means incoherent writing, disordered thinking and a total lack of humor. Those familiar with the Dadaist movement will remember that Soupault masterfully defined its program with, "Intelligence has a future. Dada has no future. Intelligence is a mania, but Dada is Dada".

## Super-Realist

At present he is accounted one of the leaders, with Andre Breton, of the Super-realist movement, and, as one English paper says, "has become for that reason social and literary outcast."

He has published seven novels with LE NEGRE and four volumes of verse. In AQUARUM and WEST-WEGO, volumes of verse, he shows a marked lyrical gift and "an almost pathological sensitivity".

His one underlying idea is that "Europe is being turned into an intellectual hash, and becomes more and more Americanized every day, without understanding the danger she is running."

"We are," he continues, "in a state of complete irredeemable decadence. I detest our Occidental spirit, especially the French spirit of the petty functionary and the petty bourgeois. It is egotistical and ignorant, and is leading us in completely the wrong direction."

A novelist of his persuasion naturally thinks that the usual French themes are passe. He must find something exotic, bizarre, outlandish; or if it is a stock theme he must stress the so-called sordid side to the detriment of the others. What subject offers a better theme for decadent French novelists than the Negro?

Therefore, M. Soupault, in LE NEGRE, dwells on those aspects of Negro character and racial life that the average Negro tries to ignore: his laziness, his childishness, his animal sensuality.

## The Dope Peddler

In a few words the story of LE NEGRE is that of Edgar Manning, dope peddler, casual day laborer, and drummer. The scene shifts from Soho in London to the night clubs of Paris and the streets of Barcelona.

"I had lived some weeks in London in a boarding house located, I have forgotten the street, near Mme. Tusseau's museum. For a table mate I had an exceptionally well dressed Negro who used to leave his room every night and return to it only at dawn. He was named Edgar Manning."

"He wanted to learn my mother tongue and I wanted to know what he was doing in life, where he was born, and where he went every night. For an answer he gave me an amiable smile. A young preacher of formidable appetite breakfasted and dined at the same table with us. Sometimes he advised me to be prudent: 'You are wrong to speak to this Negro. He has a bad reputation. When I see you chatting with him for a couple of hours I think of you and your family.'"

## Pastor's Warning

The young pastor left for Australia but not before warning his friend that Edgar Manning was under police surveillance. "I thanked the friend and gave him my Paris address." Some years afterwards, when Manning and his pastor friend had passed into the limbo of forgotten things, he received a letter from Australia. It was from the preacher.

He tells him that the Negro Manning has been condemned to three years in prison for peddling drugs. He had become a sort of "dope king" in London, and pretty women were throwing themselves at his head as well as literally dying at his feet; and so many prominent people were seen to visit his quarters that the police thought it about time to act, and they did. So he was arrested and sent to prison and his companion, a pretty Greek woman, was deported.

## Murders Paramour

When Manning was released he came to Paris, first as a drummer in an orchestra, and then he went back to his old trade of dope peddler. He is always well dressed, has a bank roll at all times, and flaunts a flaming red tie. He takes up with a white woman who later becomes his mistress. He murders her one night and has to flee France to Barcelona to escape the toils of the police. When the story closes he has disappeared, supposedly to Africa.

Here is the way the author de-

scribes his singular character: "I remember Edgar Manning and his inalterable melancholiness. I call melancholy whatever is undefined and indefinable. Edgar was cruel; he was really cruel toward himself. He played all his life. If he lighted a cigarette you would think that he was putting his destiny in the flame. I do not exaggerate. He risked his black skin because he lived with clairvoyance. The center of his life was the present, the very minute."

## Story Is Thin

The story is very thin, running to only 158 pages, and, as I have said before, it is not a novel in the conventional sense of that term. Soupault really uses the Negro Edgar Manning to poke fun at European civilization. But why does he choose a Negro character? Because he embodies, or at least is supposed to embody, all those outer characteristics which the overcivilized feign to admire in the less civilized life. If we are being overwhelmed by machines and a multiplicity of idiotic laws, let us return to the chaos of the jungle, says M. Soupault. The Negro is care free, at least white men imagine that he is, and M. Soupault is not, so he creates and admires an Edgar Manning who is. He would like to openly flout French convention, but he dare not, except within certain conventional super-realist lines, so he is fulsome in his praise of Edgar Manning when he dares to do what he in his heart would like to do. When Soupault writes, "He seemed above Europe and knew her only to use her. He noticed her laws, her institutions, and her customs only as a means of abusing her," he writes out of his own heart although ostensibly he is talking about his Negro character.

Edgar "takes nothing seriously, not even his own life". This is what Soupault stresses all through the story. "He lets himself be guided by his ignorances". So at the end of the story "Edgar Manning leaves no traces and his absence, causes no sadness, nor the least bit of pain".

## Point Of The Story

From the hints that I have thrown out I think the reader has now gotten the point of the author's story. But for fear that he has not, let me briefly sum up the author's thesis.

Since the War Europe has witnessed the rise of many literary coteries, the authors of which seek for their literary material in the out-of-the-way places of the world, or in the baser sides of civilized life. Most of them have been disillusioned by the War and have come to view horror. They think our machine our contemporary civilization with civilization has stifled individualism and freedom; that our thoughts and joys are too standardized; so they seek for release in the primitive. That is why a Picasso and a Derain in painting and a Soupault and a Breton in writing.

## White And Black Negroes

M. Soupault writes LE NEGRE, he thinks, as a slap at Western civilization, and he chooses the Negro Manning because this Negro is true to his instincts; thinks and acts as he feels. He commends his hero to Frenchmen for this very trait, irresponsibility. That this is his purpose one can easily see from his first chapter on Souloque of Haiti, which he uses by way of an intro-

duction to his book, and which he entitles: "The white Negro or the bad example". Dwelling on the fact that Souloque was a "bad example" because he tried to imitate the whites and thereby came to grief. The logical corollary being that Edgar Manning is a black Negro or a "good example". And I don't think I malign M. Soupault when I draw this quite obvious inference from his novel.

## The Club Suffers

Not that he is a race baiter or anything of that sort, M. Soupault has a thesis to defend and the Negro is the club he uses to bludgeon the French public into accepting it. A club used in a fierce fight is likely to be damaged or to have one side used more than the other. The Negro in this novel suffers in like manner. The author stresses those traits of his nature which most mark his difference from the whites, not those which show his kin to them.

The book contains many lyrical passages and several pages of good description, yet this does not make it a good book. It should be read more as a revelation of the effect of the Negro on a former Dadaist's mind rather than as a novel.

## MEMPHIS

## TENNESSEE

## LONDON TIMES REVIEW OF MISSISSIPPI BOOK

Like Davis, Chevalier Sans  
Peur et Sans Reproche.

Among the very many complimentary reviews of Mrs. Dunbar Rowland's "Varina Howell, Wife of Jefferson Davis," one of the best written and most appreciative is the review by the London Times "Literary Supplement" contained in the issue of May 24, 1928:

## "An Illustrious Woman"

"Varina Howell, Wife of Jefferson Davis," by Eron Rowland, Volume I (Macmillan 17s. net).

"The British people, whatever their attitude towards the American Civil War may have been, have long been accustomed to regard its outcome as wholly beneficent. In America itself, on the other hand, there have, naturally enough, always been two opinions on the matter; and of late years there has been an increasing tendency at least to suggest that the victory of the north was not an unmitigated blessing. Mr. Eckenrode, for instance, in his 'Life of Jefferson Davis' frankly deplores it as the victory of the inferior over a superior civilization, and as heralding the submergence of the Nordic race in America under the invading flood of South and East European semi-barbarism.

"Mrs. Dunbar Rowland does not ostensibly share these views. Over

her desk as she writes, she tells us, the portraits of Jefferson Davis and Lincoln hang side by side. Yet it is clear from every page of her book that it is not the latter who holds the first place in her heart. For her it is not Lincoln, but Jefferson Davis who was the chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, and her work, for all its genuine striving after impartiality, is in effect an almost impassioned apology for the cause of the south."

## Representative Woman.

The argument gains in force from being centered round the personality of the beautiful and charming lady who, as the wife of the president of the Confederate States, was "the representative of all that un-uniformed army of faithful, loyal spirits that composed the womanhood of the Southern Confederacy." It gains, because in this "illustrious woman" the social and political elements converge, and from this intimate study of her life we are able to obtain a far more vivid impression of all the factors which determined the attitude of the south than would be possible from any mere political history.

"The Civil War, in one of its aspects, has been considered as a struggle between the principles of aristocracy and democracy; its result was certainly the destruction of the aristocracy of the south. This result, Mrs. Roland deplores, and it must be confessed that the account she gives of life in the south before the war justifies her regret at its passing. She makes no disguise of her aristocratic sympathies, and she shares with Mr. Eckenrode the belief in Nordic superiority, ascribing the virtues and characteristics of her heroine to 'the clean, wholesome races of the British Isles' from which she was descended—the Grahams, the Kempes, and the Howells, who had been people of some standing before ever they had gone to America, where they had 'ridden hard with Washington' and 'been governors and rulers since the first councils.'

"Varina Howell, supremely conscious of this illustrious ancestry, was typical of her class. Nothing but her passion for her handsome and aristocratic suitor, it seems, could have overcome her reluctance to demean herself by marrying a man who had deserted the whigs for the Democrats.

"Mrs. Rowland, however, makes it quite clear that the revolt of the south was not an aristocratic but a national and popular movement, the outcome of a 'fierce desire for freedom from the domination of the north.' While Jefferson Davis was still risking his popularity by striving for a compromise that should save the Union, the people of the south were clamoring for secession, the 'poor whites' joining wholeheartedly in the cry against the 'damn Yankees.'

## Trusted the Negroes.

"As for the negroes—well, none had joined in John Brown's 'infamous raid,' and when Jefferson Davis and his wife left their home to go to the Confederate capital they were content to leave their children under the care of the able-



oodied negroes on the plantation. Mrs. Rowland is inclined to join 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and John Brown in a common condemnation.

The slaves in the south, she says, were better off than the free negroes in the north, and their emancipation would have come when their gradual education had fitted them for freedom. The main part of the book is, of course, occupied by the figure of Varina herself, whose portrayal has been for the author a labor of love. There is, perhaps, a too sustained note of feminine admiration for the heroine, who is described at the outset as combining the virtues of Queen Elizabeth, Queen Victoria and Andromache. But if the reader has patience to survive a certain amount of rhapsody and a good deal of repetition, he will be rewarded by making acquaintance with a very arresting personality and with the kaleidoscopic life of the American republic at the crisis of its fate. The thumbnail sketches of Calhoun, Seward and other political leaders, quoted from Mrs. Jefferson Davis' "Memoir," are singularly vivid and illuminating.

"The book has many of the best qualities of a good romance, and we await the next volume with interest. So far, we have only the theory of the brilliant and successful part of the heroine's life. The tragedy is reserved for the volume to come. Here we are only given a hint of the time when 'she with the helpless babes was overtaken in a desperate flight for safety, placed in a disused, abandoned vehicle, and hooted through the streets.' The present volume closes with the vision of the proud consort of the head of 'a nation new-born' going carefully over her 'handsome reception dresses' with the aid of her negro maids, in order that they might be 'in perfect condition and ready for the use to which she knew they must now be put.'"

## BOOK REVIEW

### "She Haf a Mouth"

#### BLACK OPALS.

THE OPTIMIST, by Thomas Millard Henry.

MEDITATIONS OF SOLITUDE, by Isaac Crawford

MOREHOUSE JOURNAL OF SCIENCE.

BOOK reviewers, like other people, are often beset by temptations. One of these is the case of a Negro reviewer, *Isaac Crawford*, when he is offered a book by a Negro author. He knows that the literary field is risky enough for white authors, with all their opportunities, and the Negro who is intrepid enough to enter this rock-strewn, poison-ivy field deserves a cheer for his pluck if not for his works.

Yet, the reviewer has to be honest. He cannot pick up everything that rhymes and call it poetry, or, as a high-school girl did in a recent essay, say that Paul Laurence Dunbar was the greatest poet of America and of all time. Nor should he go with the crowd and praise a book just because all the other reviewers praise it, or because a friend of his wrote it, or because the author needs sympathy and encouragement.

There is too much log-rolling among white authors, and one regrets to see the same tendency in Negro literary circles. A critic should be kind but just, like the old German music teacher who was giving lessons to a young lady. Her fond mother asked him if her daughter had any of the requisites of a great singer. He hesitated, wishing to combine truth with tact, and answered: "Yes, madam—she haf a mouth."

"Black Opals" is a pretty black-and-gold magazine, published by a group of young Negro writers in Philadelphia and making its first bow. As it has only 19 pages there is not much body to it, but its contents have a refreshing simplicity of viewpoint. The opening poem, by Walter Waring, is really a poem; it is a brief elegy. Another is Milton Bright's song to the moon; one really feels the thing the poet is singing about. Edward Silvera has a poem in free verse about a washerwoman which stands out brightly against the decadence which is too manifest in the verse of today. The short story by Grace Ashe is more of a sketch than a narrative, but it gives promise of more sustained efforts to come.

"The Optimist," by Thomas Millard Henry, is a collection of verses by a New Yorker. In this small volume there are several poems of substance. In one, the

accepted without question might be savagely and successfully attacked if the Negro were advanced in science. The first number of this magazine contains an interesting article by Clara M. Standish of Talladega College on the history of chemistry from 1577 to 1775.

poet observes that the sea is three times as large as the land and, consequently, wonders whether God made the world for fishes rather than for men. There is a readable poem about a teamster driving his oxen at night: the author should have made more of the picture. The recurring fault of the poems is in their diction, in the thrusting of unpoetic words into a poetic picture. A poem is like a bubble; an awkward word is a pin-prick. The following lines (though the second one is inexcusable) are well worth quoting:

If Faith and Science must make war,  
I'll seek a Faith alliance;  
Just one man's faith has gone as far  
As regiments in Science.

"Meditations of Solitude," by Isaac Crawford, is another book of verse. It is a book of leisurely and undistinguished thoughts, as if it were an attempt to rewrite Longfellow without Longfellow's mastery of language. It has a deep religious strain and some enthusiasm, but no fervor. The author's grammar kills more than one of his poems. A poet may not be distinguished, but he owes it to himself and his readers to be grammatic. A poet, moreover, should think twice before he writes a long poem, for conciseness in verse is an obligation. Most of the poems in this book are far too long.

The Morehouse Journal of Science is published by Morehouse College, Atlanta, four times a year. This journal bids fair to do for Negro science what Dr. Carter Woodson's journal is doing for Negro history. Science is especially important to the Negro, for in that field he has been at the mercy of whatever chemical, biological or ethnological theories the Caucasian has chosen to propound to bolster his doctrine of Negro inferiority. Many things which have been



# "White Woman and Black Man"

A Review by J. A. ROGERS

PARIS.

ates: "It is because he was a Both girls insisted that in that Negro. It seems that the Negroes case neither would marry, but said have some most extraordinary the little tormentor: "Suppose qualities in love-making." they would cut off your head if you don't marry?"

Little Jeanne, however, does not know this. But young as she is—

"What, have my head cut off? Better marry than death." Jeanne replied: "I would marry the Negro."

At this the other two girls began to shout: "She has said it! She has said it! Jeanne says that she would marry a Negro," and to Jeanne's parents and all over the town they carried the news, much to the discomfiture of poor Jeanne, who, left alone, retired to her garret to read more about Negroes and Africa.

Jeanne, more and more interested about Negroes, makes little Negro dolls and plays at being in Africa, whereupon her parents accuse her of playing at being a Negro, whereupon she confesses to the priest, who promptly absolves her. The fact that she has a Negro uncle is also used by some of her girl friends to torment her. She, however, continues her studies about Negroes and defends them. In a cathedral not far from her home she sees "in the middle of the transept the celebrated Black Virgin crowned with diamonds and dressed in brocade and gold."

"Why," she asks her uncle, "is the Sacred Virgin black as a Negro woman?" Her uncle replies that the Black Virgin was brought from Palestine by the king, St. Louis, and that there are many other Black Virgins as in Velay, Auvergne and Forez; that there are also the Black Virgins of Mauriac, Vassivierre, de Murat, d'Aurillac, D'Orcival.

Then comes the great war, and Jeanne is a journalist. She sees "black soldiers of a Senegalese regiment." She interviews a young black officer whose face is disfigured by a shell, and who speaks correct French; she sees black soldiers convalescing proudly wearing their Croix de Guerre. With them are several pretty young Bretonnes, and she "was not surprised to see these beautiful blonde girls with arms around the necks of these great Negroes, whispering endearing words to them."



— J. A. Rogers —

only five—she perceives that there is some mystery in her family which seems divided into two camps. To add to her mystery, she resembles Mme. Malvina, and becomes strikingly so as the years go by. She hears her grandmother's name spoken about from time to time in whispers, but one day, while having her first train ride, she heard it spoken aloud.

Louise, too, becomes more and more interested in Negroes, and reads books about Africa. And, as if to make matters worse, an incident happens when she is 10, on the day of her first communion, that she finds it impossible to explain. She is with two little girl friends when one of them suddenly asks the question: "Whom would you rather marry, a Jew or a Negro?"

Louise realized at once that her little friend had raised the question to embarrass her and her friend.

Finally, Jeanne, curious to know how the young white girls felt, went to them and asked the same question that had been put to herself: "Which would you rather marry, a Jew or a Negro?"

One replied without surprise: "Why the finest of the two?" Another said: "On condition that he is good-looking, rich and well-bred."

Whereupon Louise meditates: "These young people are right in not embarrassing themselves with prejudices of race and color. They will love a Negro if the Negro has a fine appearance and his flesh moves their flesh."

As to Jeanne, herself, one day while in the cemetery in which her ancestors are buried she comes face to face with a handsome young Negro. It is her uncle. She kisses him affectionately and walks off with him, and through the village circulates the news that Jeanne is walking with a Negro, adding, "even a handsome Negro." Her uncle, who is wealthy, tells her of his mother and the sacrifice she made in going to Africa, and the good works she did there, whereupon Louise adds: "The women will one day undertake the fine role of mediator, such as was that of Malvina Rieux in 1890 in the Senegal still uncivilized. The women with their better brain and finer hearts are the real civilizers. They are the ones who will take the initiative in wiping out that terrible antagonism of race, and the ones who will prevent the men, after having fought over territory, religion and money, to kill one another over color of skin."

"It will be sufficient for them to decree that the black equals the white, and that beauty is to be found as much in one as in the other; that the brain of a black equals that of a white, and that there is but one humanity."

Louise finally leaves for Africa with her uncle, and as to whether she marries a Negro is left to the reader's imagination.

All in all "Blanche et Noir" is one of the best books that has appeared here on the Negro in a good many years. It is to be hoped that there will be an English edition.

## THE NEGRO IN THE WORLD'S LITERATURE

By THOMAS G. OXLEY

Damocles Vieux (1876-19) Poet - Miscellaneous Writer

Damocles Vieux, the author of the celebrated "L'Aile Captive. (The Captive Wing), was born at Port-au-Prince, Haiti, West Indies, November 14, 1876. He studied and graduated in law from the Petion College. For many years he was a professor at the same college. He was also Chief of the Department of Agriculture and of the public works. At present he is a Director of the Board of Commerce as well as Dean of the Lycee Petion.

Vieux is a scholar of much erudition. He has originality and force and his writings produce a deep impression in reading and of course leaves a greater one in the memory. His verses display a perfect knowledge of poetry. . . . Vieux's reputation as a poet rests chiefly upon his excellent book of poems referred to above. It was published in 1913. . . . The style is free and easy. The general recommendation of Vieux is easiness and simplicity. I prefer this book to all his other writings both in prose and poetry. It possesses all the allied forms of poetry together with all the elegance and wit of a true poet. His prolific genius has seldom had a parallel. And like all men of true genius, he has an immense capacity for work, and composition, whether of prose or poetry, is a recreation. One cannot do otherwise than to admire such poems as Correspondances, Reveil, Paysage, Jose, Madrigal, (a very excellent piece of poetry) and several others that are worthy of reading. No writer of Haiti seems to me so astonishing an object of temporary admiration as Vieux. . . . There are passages in his works that are exquisitely beautiful, useful observations on life and manners, a variety and accurate discrimination of characters, fine sentiments expressed in strong and adequate terms, animated descriptions, equal to any that occur in the writings of modern poets, and sage lessons of morality. A reader who takes up any volume of Vieux's may be compared to a traveler who has a long and dreary road to pass. The objects that successfully meet his eye may not in general be very pleasing, but occasionally he is charmed with more beautiful prospect with the verdure of a rich valley, with a meadow enamelled with flowers, with a murmur of a rivulet, the swelling grove, the hanging rock, the splendid villa. These charming objects abundantly compensate for the joyous regions he has traversed. They fill him with delight, exhilarate his drooping spirits, and, at the decline of day, he reposes with complacency and satisfaction.

Contes, La Ronde, Haiti Litteraire are three of his other well-known writings. Contes is a book of stories splendidly told in every detail. There is excellent reading matter in this book. La Ronde is a half satirical novel with many amusing incidents; his style is free, natural and vigorous; and his feeling is everywhere on the side of liberty and humanity. His Haiti Literature is a work of criticism. The book, though interesting, is far from being complete. In a word he has certainly made a lasting contribution to the Haitian field of literary criticism. It is one of the most pleasing and useful books of its kind which I possess.

I give below an extract from his Captive Wing. I have translated the poem word for word as it appears in the original French edition. The poem is entitled Waiting.

The above poem is one of his best known short poems. Many of his poems bear a resemblance to those of the famous Edmund Waller. They bear the stamp of individuality, sweetness and refinement; while very few masters at the present day surpass him in this manner.

The gold of twilight pales, and you have not come.  
April already spreads its shade to the horizon;  
The evening furtively hastens in the sky.  
Solitude in mourning comes into my house—  
My heart feels cold for you did not come.

I wished to see you, beautiful on my road:  
I fervently waited for you in the clear way.  
To give you my heart when giving you my hand;



# *“White Woman and Black Man”*

**A Review by J. A. ROGERS**

PARIS. Negro. It seems that the Negroes case neither would marry, but said went to them and to her-  
 ates: "It is because he was a doctor." "Suppose question that had been put to her-  
 have some most extraordinary the little tormentor: "Suppose question that had been put to her-  
 qualities in love-making." they would cut off your head if self: "Which would you rather  
 marry, a Jew or a Negro?"

"MY NEGRO uncle is the qualities in love-making." son of my grandmother. Little Jeanne, however, does not know this. But young as she is—

father. At the same time I  
 I asen, I declare that I am  
 a white woman. My geneal-  
 ogy is bi-colored, only by ac-  
 cident. What an acci-  
 dent.

So begins one of the best novels of the Negro to appear here. The title is "Blanche et Noir" (White Woman and Black Man) and the author is Mme. Louise Fraire-Favier, one of the best-known of the French writers. Mme. Fraire-Favier has handled her subject so delightfully, with such ingenuousness and such subtle humor, that we are inclined to think that even an American publisher might be induced to handle an English translation of her book.

— J. A. Rogers —

gold."

As to Jeanne, herself, one day while in the cemetery in which her ancestors are buried she comes face to face with a handsome young Negro. It is her uncle. She kisses him affectionately and walks off with him, and through the village circulates the news that Jeanne is walking with a Negro, adding, "even a handsome Negro." Her uncle, who is wealthy, tells her of his mother and the sacrifice she made in going to Africa, and the good works she did there, whereupon Louise adds: "The women will one day undertake the fine role of mediator, such as was that of Malvina. Rieux in 1890 in the Senegal still uncivilized. The women with their better brain and finer hearts are the real ones."

"Why," sneaks her uncle, "the Sacred Virgin black as a Negro woman?" Her uncle replies that the Black Virgin was brought from Palestine by the king, St. Louis, and that there are many Black Virgins as in Velay, Auvergne and Forez; that there

"It will be sufficient for me to decree that the black equals the white, and that beauty is to be found as much in one as in the other; that the brain of a black equals that of a white, and that there is but one humanity."

Louise finally leaves for Africa with her uncle, and as to whether she marries a Negro is left to the reader's imagination.

All in all "Blanche et Noir" is one of the best books that has appeared here on the Negro in a good many years. It is to be hoped that there will be an English edition.

them."

Damocles Vieux (1876-19) Poet - Miscellaneous  
Writer

Damocles Vieux, the author of the celebrated "L'Alle Captive," (The Captive Wing), was born at Port-au-Prince, Haiti, West Indies, November 14, 1876. He studied and graduated in law from the Petion College. For many years he was a professor at the same college. He was also Chief of the Department of Agriculture and of the public works. At present he is a Director of the Board of Commerce as well as Dean of the Lycee Petion.

Vieux is a scholar of much erudition. He has originality and force in his writings, and produces a deep impression in reading and on the memory. His verses display a perfect knowledge of poetry. . . . . Vieux's reputation as a poet rests chiefly upon his excellent book of poems referred to above, ~~which was published~~ in 1913. . . . . The style is free and easy. The general recommendation of Vieux is easiness and simplicity. I prefer this book to all his other writings both in prose and poetry. It possesses all the allied forms of poetry together with all the elegance and wit of a true poet. His prolific genius has seldom had a parallel. Unlike all men of true genius, he has an im-

The above poem is one of his best known short poems. Many of his poems bear a resemblance to those of the famous Edmund Waller. They bear the stamp of individuality, sweetness and refinement; while very few masters at the present day surpass him in this manner.

The gold of twilight pales, and you have not come.

April already spreads its shade to the horizon;  
The evening furtively hastens in the sky,  
Solitude in mourning comes into my house—  
My heart feels cold for you did not come.

the swelling grove, the hanging rock,  
rivulet, the charming objects;  
the splendid villa. These regions  
abundantly compensate for the joyous regions  
he has traversed. They fill him with delight,  
exhilarate his drooping spirits, and, at the  
decline of day, he reposes with complacency  
and satisfaction.

Contes, La Ronde, Haiti Literature are the origin of his other well-known writings. Contes is a book of stories splendidly told in every detail. There is excellent reading matter in this book. La Ronde is a half satirical novel with many amusing incidents; his style is free, natural and vigorous; and his feeling is everywhere on the side of liberty and humanity. His Haiti literature is a work of criticism. The book, though interesting, is far from being complete. In a word he has certainly made a lasting contribution to the Haitian field of literary criticism. It is one of the most pleasing and useful books of its kind which I possess.

I give below an extract from his Captive word  
Wing. I have translated the poem word for word

I wished to see you, beautiful on my road:  
I fervently waited for you in the clear way,  
To give you my heart when giving you my  
hand;



# BOOK CHAT

— by —  
MARY WHITE OVINGTON

## "Black Folk Tales"

ERICK BERRY. Published by Harper & Brothers,  
49 E. 33rd St., New York City. Price \$2.00.

TAKE out your memorandum pad and make a note of this book for Christmas. You will surely want it for the child in your household or for one in your friend's. It's a delightful recital of folk tales, entertaining to all children, but especially to those who are descendants of Africans. The stories are not as absorbing as those told by Uncle Remus, but they bring with them a tang of the earth, "a primitive strength and an oddly twisted humor," as the publisher says on the jacket. Moreover, they have delightful illustrations, weird pictures of animals (the spider with his great eyes is one of the best) and stirring, artistic sketches of the natives. A lovely book, that one longs at once to read aloud to an imaginative child.

The folk tales are those of the Haussa people of North Nigeria, West Africa, a few degrees north of the equator. Here, as the Foreword tells us, are "hot, steaming jungles, broad, burnt savannah lands that, with the rains, blossom into glorious green again, and mountains that, rocky and tree-covered, lean over tiny red-mud walled and straw-thatched villages. Here lives the Haussa people, some thirteen million of them, traders, tillers of the soil, cattle owners, and the savage tribes of a still older Africa. Black people, all of them. Some are nature-worshippers. Many, and these Haussas, are Mahammedans, and in their folk tales mingle the older nature worship and the fabled people of the Koran. There for instance is Solomon—Suliman now—a black man like themselves and, as they are, living in a mudhouse with a mud floor as they have."

The Haussas are traders and have often crossed the wide desert, and their contact with Eastern civilization is likely to make their tales, as recounted in this book, pleasing to modern readers. They have a sophistication that the African folk tales that travellers have collected for us lack. Then, too, Erick Berry is a clever writer, and while she tells stories as she has heard them around the evening fire, the story teller in the center, the men and women crouched upon their heels, she puts in them something of herself. If she would let

graphy of literature relating to Negroes—the first of the kind ever compiled on anything like an exhaustive scale. The present volume comprises 698 double-column pages and lists more than 17,000 titles of books and magazine articles on this subject. The author has been busy with the project since 1912, and in its preparation has visited not only the great libraries of America, but also those of England and the European continent. The introduction is by Prof. Anson Phelps Stokes of Washington, who rates the volume as a reference work of prime importance.

OCTOBER 23, 1923  
MINERAL WELLS, TEX

## BIBLIOGRAPHY OF LITERATURE OF NEGRO RACE

TUSKEGEE, Ala., Oct. 23.—Prof. Monroe N. Work, head of the department of records of Tuskegee Institute, has just brought out an accurate and comprehensive biblio-



# 'The Negro Jupiter Captures Europe'

A REVIEW BY J. A. ROGERS

PARIS.

FRANCE proper has a Negro population something like five or six hundred times less than that of the United States, but in the matter of serious literature on the Negro the former seems to be in the lead.

By serious literature is meant not the portraiture of the Negro as some jazzy, "cabaret" sort of creature, a la Octavus Roy Cohen, who has set the vogue for even some of our Negro writers, but as a human being who follows natural laws of conduct as infallibly as a plant in a cellar seeks the light. Happily for the French writers, with perhaps the exception of Paul Morand, they have escaped the influence of Mr. Cohen and others of his kind, and when they study the Negro they have to do so as they find him.

This latest novel is the work of a young Alsatian, Mme. Claire Goll, author of three other books, who has also published, in collaboration with her husband, several books of verse. The novel in question is entitled "Le Negre Jupiter enleve Europe," which may be translated, "The Negro Jupiter Captures or Carries Off Europe"—after the god Jupiter of mythology.

The principal character of the story is Jupiter Djilbounti, son of an African king, who is head of a department in the Colonial Office in Paris. Jupiter is proud and extraordinarily sensitive about his color. Once he heard the phrase, "sale negre" (stinking Negro) and, because of that, he goes to extremes in keeping himself neat and clean, until he is almost a model of elegance. He is tall and lithe, of a reddish-black, and has hair that looks as if it came out of an old mattress.

The story opens at a dance at the Swedish Embassy in Paris. One of the invitees, Alma Valery, a very pretty blonde with a rose-blood complexion, is being teased by one of her companions about the ruddiness of her cheeks when she, spying Jupiter, makes some remark about his complexion, which, in turn, leads to a friendly bet between her and the other girl about the color of Jupiter's tongue.

She says that it is black like his face, while Annette says it is red like that of the whites. Olaf Magnusson, Swedish attache, to whom Alma is partial, is asked to introduce Jupiter who, on meeting Alma, smiles, "knowing well the curiosity of the white women," and she sees the tip of his tongue, rejoicing, for some indefinable reason, although she has lost, that it is the same color as hers.

Jupiter asks her to dance, but Alma makes a movement toward Olaf, at the same time declining. Later, thinking of it and ashamed of her prejudice, for otherwise Jupiter seems a striking figure to her, she consents. Besides, how original it will be to dance with a Negro, if but once.

Jupiter, on his part, is impressed. Alma appeals to him. "How contemptible, in comparison with this young girl, appeared all the white women who had offered themselves to him, either out of erotic curiosity or snobbery, or for luxuries. Because a cultivated Negro has many amorous adventures in Europe, but it is rare that any of these unions last."

And so the love affair between the two begins, in spite of the blonde Olaf, who is very much vexed over the affair.

Soon after, Alma visits Jupiter

at his office, where he has only to push a button and white secretaries and clerks appear. Casting a glance over his office, he notices several of his favorite bits of African sculpture. He wonders what effect these will have on his visitor and decides to hide them, one of them at least. Jupiter still holds to the faith of his fathers. He wears a fetish like so many Christians, except that instead of its being in the shape of a cross, it is the gris-gris, prickly and pointed, of his native village.

Jupiter paints for Anna a picture of his native land, and ends by winning her consent to their marriage. But this extraordinary sensitiveness about his color brings him much discomfort on his wedding day. He fancies that the white guests are making all manner of remarks about him. As to his hair, he wishes that he were "in the salons of Lady Walker at Harlem" to have it straightened. Vaguely he heard the toast of the Secretary for the Colonies: "The young couple, eternal happiness, the union of roses, a union symbolic of the mother country with her colonies."

On the wedding night he sleeps alone, excusing himself, not without a little hypocrisy, by saying that "a black man never treats his wife with violence," but his real reason is that he is ashamed to show himself, all black, to his wife, and it is not until the lights are down that he finally seeks her company. As to the rest of this scene, one had better skip it over.

Anglo-Saxon readers are not sufficiently of age to hear it yet.

Jupiter loves his wife passionately, so much so that he all but makes a prisoner of her. Besides, he is ashamed to go out with her in public, and finally promises to take her to the theatre, but not until he has found one which has boxes well-shaded so that he will be little visible with his white wife. The quality or the nature of the play was comparatively of little importance.

But unfortunately he chose just the theatre frequented most by white Americans, and one of them remarks so that he could hear: "Truly, it is only a Frenchwoman who could throw herself around the neck of a Negro like that."

Other remarks about the pair follow, and Jupiter, instead of re-sentencing them, takes all meekly, which angers Alma: "Why are you such a coward?" she cries. "You're

as cowardly as a Jew."

Jupiter replies: "Perhaps we are the black Jews of the Twentieth Century. What good will it do for a single one to revolt against the injustice of all? A black skin stirs the hatred of the whites quite as much as the red and yellow bands that the Christians compelled the Jews to wear in the Middle Ages." From that moment the love of Alma, which was as passionate as his, begins to wane. More, she starts to hating black, until it becomes almost as strong as the sensitiveness of her husband toward the same.

There is a brief period of reconciliation when Alma is about to become a mother. Jupiter, who loves her more than ever, buys her an emerald for a large sum, but her hatred for black returns and she encourages the hatred for black in the child. She takes to reading Othello, underscoring several passages. Is she going to die, she asks herself, without knowing the love of a white man? She goes off with her first love, Olaf, who cleverly contrived to meet her in a summer resort in Switzerland.

Jupiter, as jealous as Othello, learns of it. The passages underscored in Othello by her reveal her in all her contempt for him. Soon after their marriage he had vowed to kill her in a more terrible manner than Othello killed Desdemona should she be unfaithful to him. Now he carries out his vow with a feeling of great joy, glad that he will be able to bring up the child as he wishes.

This is a rather bald outline of an able book filled with clever nuances and skillful painting of character. The author has succeeded in arousing such sympathy for Jupiter that one almost feels that the unfaithful Alma richly deserves her punishment. Nevertheless, the character of Jupiter seems overdrawn in view of the fact that it is no uncommon sight for white women and black men to be seen in public places in any capital of Europe. Five minutes after finishing the reading of this novel I saw a black man and a white woman standing on the corner of a prominent boulevard, laughing with other white people, and no one seeming in the least conscious about color.

Jupiter, however, is an African character. I also asked several black men, who had read the book, their opinion of it—for it is necessary to note that there is a difference between the mulatto and the

full black in Europe. The former does not excite the same attention as the latter. The reply of these black men was that it was an able book, but was overdrawn and hysterical. Another well-known black, on the other hand, replied it was a true picture of a certain African of royal descent, now dead, who was very sensitive about his color. This man, he said, was a near relative of his. On the other hand, this last black man in question is apparently as little sensitive about his color as it seems any one is able to be. Hence, it would be better to say that Jupiter is the study of an individual, rather than the portrayal of the psychology of a group. Still there is much that will apply to Negroes in general, and to any group in a similar position.

The author very rightly makes several comparisons with the Jews, and it is because of this that her inferences about Negroes have a special psychology, difficult to understand. For instance, Jupiter paints a too glowing picture of his native land and his wealth to win Alma. "The imagination of the Negro prompted him to the lie," says the writer. "Jupiter knew so well to lie that often he did not realize it himself. He had persuaded himself that his father was not the simple sovereign of Timbo, but the emperor of Africa."

What else is that but the art of advertising of bunk, that of which the whites are masters? What man does not paint a more glowing picture of himself than the reality in order to win a woman? Evidently, too, the writer has never heard of the California or the Florida real estate agent.

Mme. Goll is splendid until she starts generalizing about Negroes, for there are as many kinds of Negroes as there are white people. Negroes in all countries are as the white people among whom they reside, plus a degree of inferiority complex. That is to say, the American Negro is an American, the French Negro in France a Frenchman, and so on.

However, in her splendid novel, Mme. Goll has revealed to us many things that Shakespeare might have said in Othello. Negroes who read it surely ought to become less conscious of their color. In spite of its minor defects, it is a serious book and ought to find favor, though it treats of the tabooed subject of race-mixing, which ought to be incidental in judging the merit of the work.



— J. A. Rogers —

CULTURE (The Diffusion Controversy). By G. Ellfort Smith. Bromley, Malinowski, Herbert J. Spindler, Alex. Goldschwiler. New York: W. W. Norton and Co., 1927. 166 pp. \$1.00.

412 pp. \$3.50.

N. B.—Several readers of The Amsterdam News have written to ask whether there is an English translation of "La Maltresse Noire" (The Black Sweetheart) by L. C. Royer. There is none. The French edition can be had by writing Les Editions de France, 20 Avenue Rapp, Paris, price 12 francs. "The Negro Jupiter Captures Europe" is published by Cres et Cie, 11 Rue de Sevres Paris, price 12 francs.



*Times Book Review*  
*11-18-28*  
*New York, N.Y.*

# Is Anthropology the next Science which the reading public is to take up?

Great works in the fields of Psychology, Philosophy, Biology have recently sold in enormous editions and have opened up these interesting branches of science to the general public. ~~~ Now we come to a new subject, more enthralling in many respects than any of these—the study of the human race. ~~~ The dean of American Anthropologists for the first time presents his views popularly in

# ANTHROPOLOGY and Modern Life

By FRANZ BOAS, Ph. D.

Professor of Anthropology, Columbia University

In this book, Dr. Boas demonstrates that "a clear understanding of the principles of anthropology illuminates the processes of our own times and may show us, if we will listen to its teachings, what to do and what to avoid."

## Racial Barriers

Biological arguments against race crossing, Dr. Boas points out, are not sound scientifically; "if we were to select the most intelligent, imaginative, energetic and emotionally stable third of all mankind, all races would be represented."

## Marriage and Divorce

There is no anthropological basis for monogamy, says Dr. Boas, pointing out that in the society of most primitive people, either the male had numerous wives or the female many husbands.

## Eugenics

Dr. Boas strikes at the obvious weakness of the exponents of this "cause"—viz., that it can effect only hereditary features, taking no account of environment.

## Criminology

The "criminal type" has never been proved to exist, says Dr. Boas. Criminals are made far more often by their environment and the conventions of the society in which they live. \$3.00 at all Bookstores.

To Understand the Conditions of Modern Life Read this Great Book

A RHODESIAN GARDEN  
BY SHEILA MACDONALD. The Century Company, New York. Price \$2.

This is a rather rambling story about the trials and tribulations of the wife of one of the white settlers in Rhodesia in maintaining a garden there. The weather, the insects and incompetent servants make a difficult job, but at last she succeeds.

The book is written with charm and humor, but it gets pretty boring in many places.

As one would naturally expect in a book of this kind there is much poking of fun at the black servants.

All of them, it seems, are liars and thieves, with the minds of little children.

Rhodesia, one gathers from this book, is a second edition of the state of Mississippi.

I finished this book with great relief.

### Wit and Humor

NIGGER TO NIGGER. By E. C. L. Adams. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York City. Price \$2.

Ignore, if you can, the rather offensive name of this book, open it and begin to read, and I can guarantee that you will be immensely entertained.

Dr. Adams is a white physician who lives in Columbia, S. C., and has observed the Negroes thereabouts with great sympathy and understanding.

This book, like his previous one, "Congaree Sketches," contains tales, dialogues, sermons and ballads in very accurate dialect of the black people who live in the neighborhood of the Congaree Swamps.

There are very few people left in the United States who can put down accurately on paper the dialect of the backwoods Negroes of certain sections in the South.

Dr. Adams is one of these few people, and consequently his book is charming and informative without being offensive or resorting to efforts to get laughs at the expense of the Negroes.

Indeed, one might say that this book glorifies the wit, humor and intelligence of these country Negroes.

Here is a choice passage that illustrates the point:

"Tad: 'Well, I ain' guh jine you in dem ideas, but ef my judgment ain' wrong, you better put you' mind on gitten out when you is loss. You ain' got no time for prayin'; de thing to do is to git out. When you is safe, go to prayin' an' offerin' up thanks. You can't fool God wid no prayers. He got sense 'nough to know you thinkin' 'bout gitten out. You ain' thinkin' 'bout Him. He mought listen to prayin' when de danger is over, but it's too late to pray when you is lost. My brother, you better be prepared.'"

Let me quote another gem and I am through:

"Scip: Is you hear wha' Tad tell he boss?"

"Voice: Wha' he tell him?"  
"Scip: De boss come out all dress up an' shave, for God's sake. An' Tad look at him an' say:  
"Boss, you sho' God is a good-lookin' man. You de best-lookin' man I ever see."

"An' de boss look at him an' say: 'You think so, Tad?'"

"An' Tad say: 'You sho' is. I reckon the reason wuh make I think so is you moest generally looks so wuss.'"

"Voice: Wuh de boss say?"

"Scip: He ain' say nothin', but he look like somebody guin him a dose er physic."

It seems to me this book is worth much more than its price.

"FIRE IN THE FLINT"

### IN FRENCH TRANSLATION

NEW YORK. Copies of a French

translation by Marguerite Humbert-

Zeller of "The Fire in the Flint," first

novel by Walter White, assistant sec-

retary of the National Association for

the Advancement of Colored People,

have been received here. The novel

had previously been translated into

Russian and German. It was also pub-

lished in England. The French title

of Mr. White's novel is "L'Etincelle."



Bibliography - 1928

# EASING THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN

*Dr. Buell's Encyclopedic Study of Africa's Racial Problems*





## Natives of Uganda, British East Africa, on Their Way to Market.

Copyright by Cowling, From Ewing Calloway.

**THE NATIVE PROBLEM IN AFRICA** the development of the acute racial difficulties which have elsewhere arisen, and the evils of which have been recognized only after they have come into existence.

By P. W. WILSON

**I**N her clubs, her press, her colleges, her churches and last but not least, in her banks, the United States, still in-draft an overworked word, they are "existing on diplomatic isolation, is a learning daily about the rest of the world. The thoughtful citizen of this country, once alleged to be provincial, is rapidly becoming an international, thoroughly informed about Europe and Asia and keenly interested in the destinies of Russia, China and India. These volumes, encyclopedic in their range, their detail, their restraint and their authority, are a test to be scribed as a discovery of Africa. From a window, essential to the American outlook, they draw the curtain.

It was the Phelps Stokes Fund that authorized Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones and his colleagues some years ago to complete two tours of Africa and present reports on education which marked an epoch in the administrative approach to the native problem. The Bureau of International Research at Harvard has enabled Dr. Buell to set forth this problem, not indeed with a deeper insight, for this would have been impossible, but with an ampler wealth of detail. On maps, on the printing of documents, on the innumerable footnotes and on the text itself, neither trouble nor expense has been spared. This may not be a best seller. That was hardly the aim. But in perfection of workmanship, even the pages, which might be called dry, are at once a delight and a lesson. As a compilation and as a piece of literature, these volumes deserve all the well-worn adjectives of the threadbare reviewer.

First, let us realize what is not included. Of North Africa, that is Morocco, Tunis, Algiers, Tripoli, Egypt, the Sudan and Abyssinia—Dr. Buell gives us no account. It is the Africa of the negro that is his parish. Moreover, he admits frankly that it is "impossible for a fleeting traveler to subject an entire continent to any examination of value as long as he confines himself to travel impressions and personal views." As Bernard Shaw puts it, the way to know a country is not to go there. While Dr. Buell has spent fifteen months abroad, therefore, and has talked with a thousand Africans in Africa, he has depended chiefly, and wisely, upon "a study of all available documents."

His main idea is simple. To quote his preface:

Africa is the one continent of the world where by the application of intelligence, knowledge and good-will, it is not too late to adopt policies which will prevent

wholesome influence because of his incurable repugnance to sanitation and hygiene. In this respect, the African is more civilized than the Indian, being naturally cleanly in his ways. \* \* \* The moral depravity of the Indian is equally damaging to the African. \* \* \* The presence of the Indian in this country is quite obviously inimical to the moral and physical welfare and the economic advancement of the native.

Rightly or wrongly, that is the point of view.

It is thus, broadly, the contact of white with black that here concerns us, and in early days the meaning of this contact was at east open to no misunderstanding. Not only Africa, with her ivory, but Africans, as slaves, were subject to the scriptural curse of Ham and, this being so, could be seized as the legitimate prey of the profiteer.

Of legal slavery it is enough to say that, like the traffic in opium, it was an evil which in past years Great Britain—responsible at the time for the American Colonies—helped to start; which, moreover, with better judgment, she helped to stop. In that trade Africans eagerly cooperated, and in so far as it survives at all it is they who must be held responsible. The worst of the plague spots is Abyssinia, the one independent African monarchy, while in Sierra Leone, where recently Great Britain abolished the system, it was carried on wholly by the native chiefs themselves.

In these volumes we do not seem to find a section devoted to the considerable territories Angola and Mozambique, governed by Portugal. In view of the immensity of Dr. Buell's task, this is no criticism. Still, we should have liked his considered verdict on that cocoa-slavery, as it used to be called before the war, which was exposed with such generous indignation by Mr. H. W. Nevinson.

On the Rand and on the diamond mines of Kimberley the trouble is not so much the maltreatment of the native as his morals. Negroes leave their homes and accept life in the compound. With them, as with the Chinese, a wholly unnatural environment, surely indefensible by any argument based on human well-being, leads inevitably to unnatural vices. The remedy here would appear to be a restoration in the industry of normal domestic conditions.

So much for the commercial con-

tacts between the whites and the blacks. In due course, there arrived the missionary, with his correctives. Throughout the continent men and women of the Christian faith, Catholic and Protestant, have devoted and even sacrificed their lives, as did Bishop Hannington, without material reward beyond mere maintenance, to the service of the negro, spiritual, mental, physical, social and even industrial. The curse of Ham, emphasized by commerce, has been sharply challenged.

It is in Uganda that the adoption of Christianity has been most definite, and the account of it offered by Dr. Buell is at once sympathetic and discriminating. "The extraordinary progress," so he writes, "of Christian missions in Uganda has been due partly to the personality and methods of European missionaries, and partly to the intelligence of the Buganda people and the fact that the chiefs have become Christians." Not that conversion itself is devoid of perplexity. Tribal warfare, accompanied by polygamy, has left an excess of women, which, for the moment, has been followed by regrettable abuses.

The important point here to be noticed is not the success or failure of missions, however they be estimated, but the fact that at Geneva it is the missionary and not the commercial point of view—let us say, the view of unregenerate commerce—which has been endorsed by the League of Nations. In Article XXII of the covenant there is reference made to "peoples not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world"; and the article applies "the principle that the well-being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilization and that securities for the performance of this trust should be embodied in this covenant." Of the mandated territories these words are the Magna Carta, and Dr. Buell has been at great pains to examine the question how far the guarantees are effective.

It is here that we approach what is, after all, the fundamental issue. The question of supreme importance to Africa and the world is not what the black man is today. The question is what he is to become—what he is to be permitted to become—tomorrow. What is to be his ultimate status? Is he to be condemned to eternal inequality or may he hope that at some time, however remote, equality will be the reward of his upward efforts? To this question the reply of

France is characteristic of her Gallic courage. The inferiority of the negro, she insists, is not racial but cultural. Let a negro acquire French culture and ipso facto he becomes a Frenchman, welcome in French society and matrimonially eligible. The theory is essentially Christian.

To the negro intellectual the French attitude makes a strong appeal. Paris is one of the few cities where he has ceased to be an inferior. But it has to be added that France, while adopting the Christian tradition, has translated it into her own terms. It is not as a kingdom of heaven but as a second France that Africa is to find salvation.

The British attitude is precisely contrary to the French. Culture or no culture, so it is thought, it is race that matters. The negro cannot be turned into an Englishman and the Englishman ought not to be turned into a negro. The distinction is absolute. It must be recognized. To talk about equality is to call black white. The only practical policy is equity between the unequal.

About this proposition, there is, at least, no nonsense. It is a working proposition. It fits the immediate facts. On the whole, it has moreover, yielded to the negro the best government that he has ever had and, in so far as that government depends wholly on officials, it is as nearly ideal as administration in an imperfect world can be.

This, however, is not the whole story. The white man has not settled in Africa, as officially he lives in India, solely as an administrator. He has discovered that Kenya is a charming place in which to live. In Kenya he is trying to set up what would be essentially the same aristocracy, dependent on colored labor, which has always been so fascinating in Southern States like Virginia or Kentucky. In Kenya, as elsewhere, the complaint is that the negro refuses to work.

The question arises, therefore, whether it is permissible by any pretext to compel the black man to sell his labor to the white man, not for a public purpose like the making of roads, but for private profit or convenience. The mere fact that every negro in Kenya is fingerprinted and has to carry his registration in a metal case wherever he goes indicates how near to the frontiers of slavery the colony has been drifting.



# THE BOOKSHELF

[The Bookshelf is for the benefit of those of our readers who are interested in things literary. If you are a book lover and like the idea of a literary club that meets through the Bookshelf column, you are welcome. You are urged to write in to this department any comments on current or past literature that you have in mind. If you see questions in this column you care to answer, by all means do so. If you have questions to ask pertaining to prose, poetry or fiction in modern or ancient literature, send them in. Address communications to Editor of Bookshelf, Chicago Defender.]

## People of the Soil

"Wide Fields," by Paul Green. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. Price \$2.50.

The name Paul Green speaks for itself in the realm of modern American literature. Perhaps no young man has done so much in a special field in a short time as has this scholar at the University of North Carolina, the seat of the American literary renaissance. Not alone because Paul Green was awarded the 1927 Pulitzer prize for his play, "In Abraham's Bosom," but because he has established for himself a reputation for himself as a friend of the lowly peoples of his native state of North Carolina, and has set himself the task of depicting them more sympathetically than has ever been attempted before.

Paul Green, with his associates, Guy Johnson and Howard Odum, at the Chapel Hill Institute, rank far in the lead of the contemporary school for their original studies and their methods of bringing their information to light. It seems to me that the little playlet, "On the Road One Day," which I came across in Ebony and Topaz (Opportunity), should take its place at the head of propaganda literature that preaches and still entertains.

And between the type of literature as expressed in that little piece and as shown in his most recent book, one is given little to choose. One regrets that there is not more to the play, and one has the same feeling when he has gone through the 14 stories in "Wide Fields."

Paul Green is a master of style. Couple this with the obvious fact that he has observed his people well and now has something to tell, and you will understand why he has given one of the best collections of stories to the reading public in "Wide Fields." The stories are beautiful in their simplicity, and his characters all drawn from the section of North Carolina known as "Little Bethel" (so he informs us) are not easily forgotten. Not only is he square with the white people of "Little Bethel," but he treats all his characters as you and I know them to be.

Again, I believe Mr. Green comes nearest to giving us the dialect of the plantation hand and of the southern illiterate than any other person who has attempted it. Not too elaborate, not too unpretentious, just what a person would say, and how he would say it.

"Wide Fields" is of 279 pages and 14 separate stories or sketches. Some of them in length and scope remind you of short novels. This is particularly true of "The Lost Ford," a story in two parts, and which covers a period of ten or twelve years, something unusual in the modern short story. The old masters did it, but the younger crop seems to have decided that the faster the action the better everyone likes it. "Wide Fields" is an

exception to this rule—and an improvement, it seems to me. D. R. J.

# THE BOOKSHELF

[The Bookshelf is for the benefit of those of our readers who are interested in things literary. If you are a book lover and like the idea of a literary club that meets through the Bookshelf column, you are welcome. You are urged to write in to this department any comments on current or past literature that you have in mind. If you see questions in this column you care to answer, by all means do so. If you have questions to ask pertaining to prose, poetry or fiction in modern or ancient literature, send them in. Address communications to Editor of Bookshelf, Chicago Defender.]

## Josephine Baker

"Memoires de Josephine Baker; recueillis et adaptes par Marcel Sauvage. Paris. Kra, editeur. 185 pages.

By HOWARD COXE  
(In the New Republic)

Much seems to have happened to Miss Josephine Baker since first she came into the limelight with "Shuffle Along" four years ago. There could be still some doubts about her merits as an artist, or even as a serious thinker, certainly there could be none about her popularity abroad. With Mistinguette growing a trifle too elderly to hold the affections of the public, and with the Dolly Sisters becoming so very chic, there happens no entertainer so much esteemed in Paris as Miss Baker. She has become a grande vedette. Cocktails have been named for her, also a hair oil called Bakerfix. Masses for the souls of her audiences are sung in cathedrals while she is doing the Charleston in the theaters, and now she has written, or rather dictated to an interpreter, her memoirs and ideas on life.

It seems improbable that Miss Baker's memories and impressions will be memories and impressions are more frivolous than profound, more decent than important. Nevertheless it is a pity; they are stimulating in a certain freshness and absurdity which is not often to be found, and they make you feel that, waiving prejudice, you would like Miss Baker. There is a refreshing candor about her, a naivete and unpretentiousness and a complete absence of sentimentality. She is still a pickaninny, a pickaninny transplanted to alien soil. She started dancing, she says, because it was cold in St. Louis and she needed to dance to keep warm. She attributes her success entirely to the rabbit's foot which she carries on her person night and day. She says she was born to dance; she would be happy to die dancing—though not in a music hall. "I'll get married some—I want lots of babies and animals around. I love them. I want to live a peaceful life, with babies and animals all around. But if a child of mine ever wants to go on the stage, I swear I'll strangle him with my two hands."

Aside from the rabbit's foot and a few other natural superstitions, Miss Baker is a complete realist. She likes cornbeef hash and hot cakes, animals

of all kinds, loud colors, dolls "without bones in them." She detests all kinds of ballet dancing. She distrusts the use of cosmetics as aids to beauty. She owns a seven-volume dictionary which she has never read; she finds it fun to lift one volume at a time and see how heavy such a lot of words are. "I've met a lot of people with reputations. They don't intimidate me. I most admire those who work hardest. Everybody is made with two legs and a stomach and a head. That gives you enough to think about."

She gives, obviously, a great deal of thought to her arms and legs and head and stomach. Every day she scrubs herself with a bristly brush and rubs her face with squashed strawberries, or sometimes raisins. She swims daily because "land animals are never as elegant as fish." It is perhaps pardonable that she thinks much more of the care of her body than she does of the future of

her sex. In response to one of those interminable "Inquiries" conducted by the French press on a theory similar to that which produces the inquiring reporter in this country, Miss Baker promptly confesses that she has no ideas either about the future of women, or even about their present. She considers it unimportant anyway. "I hate lace," she adds, somewhat securely, "and I love my freedom. Besides, business men don't ever forget we are women—all men are business men—and women don't ever forget they are women. As for myself, I don't like poules—especially the ones who want to seem honest. I love, or I don't. As for the future, there's plenty of time to think about that, but I hope that later on we'll all be nude. There are few women and fewer men who could live nude. That's all."

A book with more sense to it than most persaps.



Rudolph Fisher, one of the new Knopf authors whose first novel "The Walls of Jericho" will be published on August 3rd, is a physician by profession. Dr. Fisher wrote the novel on a bet that no one short novel could blend the extremes of Harlem society into a single integral story—successfully. Dr. Fisher is well known in the magazine field, as he is a frequent contributor to The Atlantic Monthly and the McClure's Magazine, as well as to the Negro periodicals.



## Josephine Baker

*Mémoires de Joséphine Baker, recueillis et adaptés par Marcel Sauvage. Paris. Kra, Editeur. 185 pages.*

MUCH seems to have happened to Miss Josephine Baker since first she came into the limelight with "Shuffle Along" four years ago. If there could be still some doubts about her merits as an artist, or even as a serious thinker, certainly there could be none about her popularity abroad. With Mistinguette growing a trifle too elderly to hold the affections of the public, and with the Dolly Sisters becoming so very *chic*, there is perhaps no entertainer so much esteemed in Paris as Miss Baker. She has become a *grande vedette*. Cocktails have been named for her, also a hair oil called Bakerfix. Masses for the souls of her audiences are sung in cathedrals while she is doing the Charleston in the theaters, and now she has written, or rather dictated to an interpreter, her memoirs and ideas on life.

It seems improbable that Miss Baker's memories and impressions will be translated into English: they are more frivolous than profound, more decent than important. Nevertheless it is a pity: they are stimulating in a certain freshness and absurdity which is not often to be found, and they make you feel that, waiving prejudice, you would like Miss Baker. There is a refreshing candor about her, a naïveté and unpretentiousness and a complete absence of sentimentalism. She is still a pickaninny, a pickanniny transplanted to alien soil. She started dancing, she says, because it was cold in St. Louis and she needed to dance to keep warm. She attributes her success entirely to the rabbit's foot which she carries on her person night and day. She says she was born to dance: she would be happy to die dancing—though not in a music hall. "I'll get married some day—I want lots of babies and animals around. I love them. I want to live a peaceful life, with babies and animals all around. But if a child of mine ever wants to go on the stage, I'll strangle him with my two hands."

Aside from the rabbit's foot and a few other natural superstitions, Miss Baker is a complete realist. She likes cornbeef hash and hot-cakes, animals of all kinds, loud colors, dolls "without bones in them." She detests all ballet dancing. She distrusts the use of cosmetics as aids to beauty. She owns a seven-volume dictionary which she has never read: she finds it fun to lift one volume at a time and see how heavy such a lot of words are. She has as little use for celebrities as for literature. "I've met a lot of people with reputations. They don't intimidate me. I most admire those who work hardest. Everybody is made with two arms and two legs and a stomach and a head. That gives you enough to think about."

She gives, obviously, a great deal of thought to her arms and legs and head and stomach. Every day she scrubs herself with a bristly brush and rubs her face with squashed strawberries, or sometimes raisins. She swims daily because "land animals are never as elegant as fish." It is perhaps pardonable that she thinks much more of the care of her body than she does of the future of her sex. In

response to one of those interminable "inquiries" conducted by the French press on a theory similar to that which produces the inquiring reporter in this country, Miss Baker promptly confesses that she has no ideas either about the future of women, or even about their present. She considers it unimportant anyway. "I hate lace," she adds, somewhat obscurely, "and I love my freedom. Besides, business men don't ever forget we are women—all men are business men—and women don't ever forget they are women. As for myself, I don't like *poules*—especially the ones who want to seem honest. I love, or I don't. As for the future, there's plenty of time to think about that, but I hope that later on we'll all live nude. There are few women and fewer men who could live nude. That's all."

A book with more sense in it than most, perhaps.

HOWARD COXE.



# THE BOOKSHELF

[The Bookshelf is for the benefit of those of our readers who are interested in things literary. If you are a book lover and like the idea of a literary club that meets through the Bookshelf column, you are welcome. You are urged to write in to this department any comments on current or past literature that you have in mind. If you see questions in this column you care to answer, by all means do so. If you have questions to ask pertaining to prose, poetry or fiction in modern or ancient literature, send them in. Address communications to Editor of Bookshelf, Chicago Defender.]

## Marching Men—and Times

"Marching On," by James Boyd.  
Published by Charles Scribner & Sons. Price \$2.50.

By EPHRAIM A. BERRY

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave . . ."

His soul goes marching on."  
One wonders as he reads James Boyd's new book, "Marching On," if those boys in blue, when they selected this memorable song as one of their camp and marching songs, realized, as they marched and fought from Gettysburg to Vicksburg and from Cairo to Mobile, that they were not only striking blows to preserve united what was destined to be the mightiest of nations, but were also striking blows to remove from within the boundaries of that nation its greatest curse—human slavery and the three-cornered social structure which harbored it.

One wonders again, if those boys in gray (equal tribute to them who knew not what they did, or why) from the cabins and hovels of backwoods and swamp, realized as they proudly flocked to fight under the Stars and Bars, boasting that they were free men, that in fighting thus they were helping to perpetuate a social and economic condition under which they were hated and despised—hated by the lowly plantation slaves and despised by the rich slave owners, one of whose sons declared boastfully that he would "rather fight as a private in a company of aristocrats than as a captain of a company of 'crackers.'"

"Marching On" is a fine, realistic story of ante bellum days. It concerns James Fraser, backwoods "poor white," who, on an errand to the big plantation to offer a mild complaint to Col. Prevost regarding a slave discovered trapping on his father's land, falls desperately in love with the proud old colonel's daughter.

His love for her is not represented so much by his active physical attempts to win her as by his passive mental reactions as to whether he is good enough for her; whether he can reconcile the status of a "poor white" with that of the rich and influential aristocrat. But he loves her blindly, unselfishly, with a love that leads him on like an ever-beckoning finger, in waning hope and growing despair, through five years of bitterness and through a war in which he fights to uphold that social system which will make it impossible for him to win her.

The story leaves a clearcut impression of plantation life, of the back-

woods of "poor white" society; of ante bellum Wilmington (N. C.), where the story is laid; of the training camps, a battle or two, and finally, a Yankee prison camp, all seen from Jim Fraser's limited, disinterested point of view.

Throughout the whole story are scenes of local color with the Negroes serving merely as a part of the background like the trees that grow by the roadside, or the big, spacious plantation houses, or the black inanimate cypress knees in the swamps, lazy, indolent, dependent helping little in the plot of the story but following along the outer edge of the action like a black border on a fine white cloth. There are short, sharp glimpses of them as slaves working on the plantations; as guards of a Yankee prison camp, and finally, as free men, still guarding their masters' treasures from the invading federals. But to the minds of James and his associates they are merely "niggers," and once or twice "damn" ones at that.

## An Innovation

"Black and White," compiled and edited by J. C. Byars, Jr. The Crane Press, 1730 L St. N. W., Washington, D. C. Price \$1.50.

By JAMES A. JACKSON

Things have been happening rapidly in the last few years in literary circles. Tradition after tradition has tumbled before the rampant activities of more modern writers. Many taken for granted fallacies have been upset by those whom we have come to term as radicals. New York has been the hotbed of these things as a rule, but in this volume, containing the verse of 13 white writers and four Race authors, staid old Washington steps forth into the limelight as the assembling place of a goodly number of capable, broad-minded thinkers who are capable of putting their thoughts into verse form.

In combining their output into one volume the editor and his contributors prove most conclusively that they are capable of throwing tradition overboard and writing a declaration of literary freedom.

Sixty-three poems of as diverse types as have ever been assembled between covers are bound back of a daring frontispiece showing a white and black head that is worth the price of the volume, if bought solely for the inspirational value of the drawing or to grace a mantlepiece.

Angelina Grimke, daughter of the widely known and militant Rev. F. J. Grimke, is one of the contributors. Georgia Johnson, widow of the late Henry Lincoln Johnson, is another the volume. Two newer Race writers

more widely known of the group in are Walter Everett Hawkins and Lewis Alexander.

Hawkins' "Child of the Night" and "I Am Africa" are virile things that stir the blood of even the most sluggish, if the reader has any spirit at all.

Mr. Byars, the compiler, who in everyday life is an editor on the Washington Times, is a scion of the F. F. V.'s. His modern ideas are enough to make the evergreens that curl up and quit. The man has uncovered the graves of early Virginians and a lot of sense. Anyhow "Black and White" is the most cosmopolitan literary work yet presented to a reading public.

Another Simon & Schuster contribution to the gaiety of nations is "The Pottleton Bridge Parties" by Hugh Tuite. A new translation by Martin Armstrong of the Spanish classic of Pedro Antonio De Alarcon. "The Three Cornered Hat" will be issued in an edition illustrated in colors by Norman Tealby. From Germany comes a biographical chronicle on ladies fair of all ages, entitled "Fascinating Women, Sacred and Profane," by Franz Blei, and from France a distinguished novel by Roland Dorgeles, entitled "Departure."

As a life-saver for the hard-pressed American host and hostess, Simon & Schuster will present this spring an opus entitled, "What'll We Do Now?" by Edward Longstreth and L. T. Holton. This volume is sub-titled, "A Thousand and One Nights With America's Greatest Party-Throwers," or "What to Do Till the Milkman Comes." The favorite diversions of Heywood Brown, Frank Crowninshield, Robert E. Sherwood, Herbert Bayard Swope, John Held, Jr., and scores of others are set forth in this illuminating treatise. The book, incidentally, reveals the rules of New York's newest rage, a game called "In Your Hat."

## A MULATTO GIRL

QUICKSAND. By Nella Larsen.  
302 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

THIS is almost the only negro novel of recent years," the publishers of "Quicksand" say, "which is wholly free from the curse of propaganda." The heroine is beset by problems, but they are the problems of the individual and not of a class or race." In substance this is a true statement. "Quicksand" is not part of the tradition which began long ago when Mrs. Stowe pictured for us Simon Legree beating Uncle Tom, nor is it very much of the tradition which began recently when Van Vechten pictured for us the bright lights and social subtleties of Harlem. Miss Larsen cannot help being aware that the negro problem is a real one, cannot help being aware that negro exhibitionism, in the manner of "Nigger Heaven," is a vivid and

interesting spectacle; but she is most of all aware that a novelist's business is primarily with individuals and not with classes, and she confines herself to the life of Helga Crane.

Helga Crane is the daughter of a negro father and a Scandinavian mother. Her father disappears and her mother remarries, this time a white man. Her mother dies and her mother's people do not like her. An uncle, however, educates her and she becomes a teacher in an efficient negro school. Her life there, her complacent, respectable fiancé, her standardized work, her conventional friends, become unbearable. Robert Anderson, the Principal, tries to restrain her from going away by holding out to her the ideal of service, but in the end he antagonizes her and she runs off.

After suffering in Chicago from poverty and loneliness, Helga lands a good job in New York and becomes part of upper Harlem life. She re-encounters Anderson, whom she really loves, but it is her fate always to fight that love, to be antagonistic toward Anderson. Nothing comes of their new meeting except that Anderson begins going with Anne, Helga's best friend. Helga comes into some money and goes to Copenhagen to visit an aunt. In Copenhagen she enjoys a curious social success, and even wins a proposal of marriage from a talented painter. But now, with Anderson subconsciously in her mind, she longs for America. She returns to attend Anne and Anderson's wedding.

When it is too late, Helga understands her feeling for Anderson. Depressed, she is exalted by a negro revival and marries an enthusiastic but ignorant preacher. They go down South and Helga bears him children. She sinks into a slough of disillusionment and indifference. She tries to fight her way back to her own world, but she is too weak and circumstances are too strong.

Miss Larsen offers here no tragedy of ignorance, or of lack of opportunities, or of unfair discrimination, or even of unfitness. The essential tragedy has little to do with Helga's being a negro—no more, at least, than if she were Asiatic or Jewish. Helga has her chances, the reasonable, average number of chances which come to most human beings. In Harlem and Copenhagen she could have made a place for herself. She could have married the man she loved. But her own nature was against her. She was foolish.

She was proud. She was quixotic. And she was also an idealist and a romantic.

This is an articulate, sympathetic first novel, which tells its story and projects its heroine in a lucid, unexaggerated manner. In places, perhaps, it is a little lacking in fire, in vitality one finds it more convincing than moving. But it has a dignity which few first novels have, and a wider outlook upon life than most negro ones.

Asquith's Place in History . . . H. Wickham Steed  
Former Editor London Times

State Education and the Churches

4-8-28 Prof. Mark Mohler

A Ku Klux Klan Reign of Terror . . . R. A. Pattor

American Negroes' New Leaders . . . E. H. Frazier

India's Reasons for Independence . . . D. N. Bannerjee

Mustapha Kemal—Maker of Turkey . . . M. H. Ibrahim A. Khairallah

Other Special Features



# THE BOOKSHELF

The Bookshelf is for the benefit of those of our readers who are interested in things literary. If you are a book lover and like the idea of a literary club that meets through the Bookshelf column, you are welcome. You are urged to write in to this department any comments on current or past literature that you have in mind. If you see questions in this column you care to answer, by all means do so. If you have questions to ask pertaining to prose, poetry or fiction in modern or ancient literature, send them in. Address communications to Editor of Bookshelf, Chicago Defender.

## Marching Men—and Times

"Marching On," by James Boyd. Published by Charles Scribner & Sons. Price \$2.50.

BY EPHRAIM A. BERRY

"John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave."

His soul goes marching on." One wonders as he reads James Boyd's new book, "Marching On," if those boys in blue, when they selected the memorable song as one of their marching songs, realized, as they marched and fought from Gettysburg to Vicksburg and from Cairo to Mobile that they were not only singing a song to preserve united what was destined to be the mightiest of nations, but were also striking blows to remove from within the boundaries of that nation its greatest curse—human slavery and the three-cornered social structure which harbored it.

One wonders again, if those boys in gray (equal tribute to them who knew not what they did, or why) from the cabins and hovels of backwoods and swamps, realized as they proudly flocked to fight under the Stars and Bars, boasting that they were free men, that in fighting thus they were helping to perpetuate a social and economic condition under which they were hated and despised—hated by the lowly plantation slaves and despised by the rich slave owners, one of whose sons declared boastfully that he would "rather fight as a private in a company of aristocrats than as a captain of a company of 'crackers.'"

"Marching On" is a fine, realistic story of ante bellum days. It concerns James Fraser, backwoods "poor white," who, on an errand to the big plantation to offer a mild complaint to Col. Prevost regarding a slave discovered trapping on his father's land, falls desperately in love with the proud old colonel's daughter.

His love for her is not represented so much by his active physical attempts to win her as by his passive mental reactions as to whether he is good enough for her, whether he can reconcile the status of a "poor white" with that of the rich and influential aristocrat. But he loves her blindly, unselfishly, with a love that leads him on like an ever-beckoning finger in waning hope and growing despair through five years of bitterness and through a war in which he fights to uphold that social system which will make it impossible for him to win her.

The story leaves a clearcut impression of plantation life, of the back-

woods of "poor white" society; of ante bellum Wilmington (N. C.), where the story is laid; of the training camps, a battle or two, and finally, a Yankee prison camp, all seen from Jim Fraser's limited, disinterested point of view.

Throughout the whole story are scenes of local color with the Negroes serving merely as a part of the background like the trees that grow by the roadside, or the big, spacious plantation houses, or the black in-animate cypress knees in the swamps, lazy, indolent, dependent helping little in the plot of the story but following along the outer edge of the action like a black border on a fine white cloth. There are short, sharp glimpses of them as slaves working on the plantations; as guards of a Yankee prison camp, and finally, as free men, still guarding their masters' treasures from the invading federals. But to the minds of names and his associates they are merely "niggers," and once or twice "damn" ones at that.

## An Innovation

"Black and White," compiled and edited by J. C. Byars, Jr. The Crane Press, 1730 L St. N. W., Washington, D. C. Price \$1.50.

BY JAMES A. JACKSON

Things have been happening rapidly in the last few years in literary circles. Tradition after tradition has tumbled before the rampant activities of more modern writers. Many taken for granted fallacies have been upset by those whom we have come to term as radicals. New York has been the hotbed of these things as a rule, but in this volume, containing the verse of 13 white writers and four black authors, stand old Washington steps forth into the limelight as the assembling place of a goodly number of capable, broad-minded thinkers who are capable of putting their thoughts into verse form.

In combining their output into one volume the editor and his contributors prove most conclusively that they are capable of throwing tradition overboard and writing a declaration of literary freedom.

Sixty-three poems of as diverse types as have ever been assembled between covers are bound back of a daring frontispiece showing a white and black head that is worth the price of the volume, if bought solely for the inspirational value of the drawing or to grace a mantlepiece.

Angelina Grimke, daughter of the widely known and militant Rev. F. J. Grimke, is one of the contributors. Georgia Johnson, widow of the late Henry Lincoln Johnson, is another of the volume. Two newer Race writers

more widely known of the group in are Walter Everett Hawkins and Lewis Alexander.

Hawkins' "Child of the Night" and "I Am Africa" are virile things that stir the blood of even the most sluggish, if the reader has any spirit at all.

Mr. Byars, the compiler, who in everyday life is an editor on the Washington Times, is a scion of the F. P. V.'s. His modern ideas are enough to make the evergreens that curl up and quit. The man has covered the graves of early Virginians and a lot of sense. Anyhow "Black and White" is the most cosmopolitan literary work yet presented to a reading public.

Another Simon & Schuster contribution to the galaxy of nations is "The Pottleton Bridge Parties" by Hugh Tuile. A new translation by Martin Armstrong of the Spanish classic of Pedro Antonio De Alarcon. "The Three Corners Hat" will be issued in an edition illustrated in colors by Norman Tealby. From Germany comes a biographical chronicle on ladies fair of all ages, entitled "Fascinating Women, Sacred and Profane," by Franz Biel, and from France a distinguished novel by Roland Dorjeles, entitled "Departure."

As a life-saver for the hard-pressed American host and hostess, Simon & Schuster will present this spring an opus entitled, "What'll We Do Now?" by Edward Longstreth and L. T. Holton. This volume is sub-titled, "A Thousand and One Nights With America's Greatest Party-Throwers." "What to Do Till the Milkman Comes." The favorite diversions of Heywood Brown, Frank Crowninshield, Robert E. Sherwood, Herbert Bayard Swope, John Held, Jr., and scores of others are set forth in this illuminating treatise. The book incidentally, reveals the rules of New York's newest rage, a game called "In Your Hat."

## A MULATTO GIRL

PUICKSAND. By Nella Larsen. 302 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

THIS is almost the only negro novel of recent years," the publishers of "Quicksand" say, "which is wholly free from the curse of propaganda." "The heroine is beset by problems, but they are the problems of an individual and not of a class or race." In substance, this is a true statement. "Quicksand" is not one of the tradition which began long ago when Mrs. Stowe pictured for us Simon Legree beating Uncle Tom, nor is it very much of the tradition which began recently when Van Vechten pictured for us the bright lights and social subtleties of Harlem. Miss Larsen cannot help being aware that the negro problem is a real one, cannot help being aware that negro exhibitionism, in the manner of "Nigger Heaven," is a vivid and

interesting spectacle; but she is most of all aware that a novelist's business is primarily with individuals and not with classes, and she confines herself to the life of Helga Crane.

Helga Crane is the daughter of a negro father and a Scandinavian mother. Her father disappears and her mother remarries, this time a white man. Her mother dies and her mother's people do not like her. An uncle, however, educates her and she becomes a teacher in an efficient negro school. Her life there, her complacent, respectable fiancé, her standardized work, her conventional friends, become unbearable. Robert Anderson, the Principal, tries to restrain her from going away by holding out to her the ideal of service, but in the end he antagonizes her and she runs off.

After suffering in Chicago from poverty and loneliness, Helga lands a good job in New York and becomes part of upper Harlem life. She re-encounters Anderson, whom she really loves, but it is her race always to fight that love, to be antagonistic toward Anderson. Nothing comes of their new meeting except that Anderson begins going with Anne, Helga's best friend.

Helga comes into some money and goes to Copenhagen to visit her aunt. In Copenhagen she enjoys a curious social success, and even wins a proposal of marriage from a talented painter. But now, with Anderson subconsciously in her mind, she longs for America. She returns to attend Anne and Anderson's wedding.

When it is too late, Helga understands her feeling for Anderson. Depressed, she is exalted by a negro revival and preaches a fiery but ignorant preacher. They go down South and Helga bears him children. She sinks into a slough of disillusionment and indifference. She tries to fight her way back to her own world, but she is too weak and circumstances are too strong.

Miss Larsen offers here no tragedy of ignorance, or of lack of opportunities, or of unfair discrimination, or even of unfairness. The essential tragedy has little to do with Helga's being a negro—no more, at least, than if she were Asiatic or Jewish. Helga has her chances, the reasonable, average number of chances which come to most human beings. In Harlem and Copenhagen she could have made a place for herself. She could have married the man she loved. But her own nature was against her. She was foolish.

## Other Special Features

- Asquith's Place in History. . . H. Wickham Steed  
Former Editor London Times
- State Education and the Churches. . . Prof. Mark Mohler
- A Ku Klux Klan Reign of Terror. . . R. A. Patton
- American Negroes' New Leaders. . . E. H. Frazier  
Negro Publicist
- India's Reasons for Independence. . . D. N. Bannerjee
- Mustapha Kemal—Maker of Turkey. . . M. M. Ibrahim A. Khairallah

She was proud. She was glib, And she was also an idealist and a romantic. This is an articulate, sympathetic first novel, which tells its story and projects its heroine in a lucid, un-exaggerated manner. In places, perhaps, it is a little lacking in fire, in vitality one finds it more convincing than moving. But it has a dignity which few first novels have, and a wider outlook upon life than most negro ones.



## Since Pushkin

*Russian Poetry. An Anthology.* Chosen and Translated by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky. International Publishers. \$2.25.

IT is difficult for a lover of poetry to be absolutely detached in his criticism of translations from his favorite poets. He is inclined to be unreasonably jealous of every word, every image, every subtlety. Refusing to accept "limitations of linguistic media" as an attenuating circumstance, he demands that the translated version be as great as the original. He brooks no makeshifts. Indignantly he rejects a translation that presents a dimmed, reduced, or distorted image of the thing he loves.

To a critic of such sensibilities, the present volume will bring little joy. Indeed, even one unacquainted with the beauty of the original would be shocked by the utter inadequacy of lines like the following:

Then my troubled spirit is fulfilled with quiet.  
Then no more with wrinkled brow I mope and plod.  
Then I can conceive of happiness on earth here,  
And I can believe that in heaven I see God.

These lines purport to come from Lermontov—"a poetic genius," say the translators, "such as rarely graces any language." These lines purport to be a translation of one of the most beautiful stanzas in one of the most cherished lyrics in Russian literature. Needless to say that in the original the poet is not "fulfilled with quiet," that he does not "mope and plod," that he does not "conceive of happiness on earth here," and that instead of merely believing that he can see, he actually does see God in heaven.

But if in this anthology giants are occasionally made to look like pigmies, pigmies are often made to look like giants. Thus, Igor Severianin, a mere rhymester, a literary nonentity, appears in translation superior to Lermontov or Pushkin. And while incomparably greater poets (Gumilev, Pasternak, Mandelstamm) are completely omitted, Igor Severianin is allotted three pages. One wonders what literary criteria the translators used in their selection.

Still, certain translations in the book are excellent. Kazin's *The Carpenter's Plane* is really delightful. Blok's great poem *Twelve* retains a good deal of its original distinction. The introductory essay and the biographical sketches are very good. And, since this collection is something in the nature of a pioneer work, it is more than praiseworthy.

JOSHUA KUNITZ

## Seventeen Negro Songs

*My Spirituals.* By Eva A. Jessye. Edited by Gordon Whyte and Hugo Frey. Illustrated by Millar. Robbins-Engel, Inc. \$2.50.

THE compiler of this gaily appareled collection of seventeen spirituals is a colored woman, a qualified musician and the leader of the well and favorably known Dixieland Jubilee Singers, and she has had to go no farther for her material than to her own memories of a childhood spent at Coffeyville in southern Kansas, a one-time refuge of runaway slaves. Such a combination as hers of race, talent, and early associations is represented by few if any of the names attached to other works in this field, and it may well be assumed that the functions of the "editors" of the present volume have been largely advisory in spite of the fact that one of them, Mr. Frey, is himself to be credited with fifty of the best

arrangements of spirituals in print.

Miss Jessye's work on these pages is superlatively good. Stripped of her sparkling accompaniments, which without sacrificing anything of the spirit of the songs themselves exploit their possibilities to the utmost, this would be only an average group of Negro folk-tunes, though yet a contribution to knowledge in that almost every one is here published for the first time. (Miss Jessye's "John Saw De Holy Numbah" is wholly different from the air in Johnson's "Book of American Negro Spirituals"; her "Tall Angel at de Bar," from the song of that name in Kennedy's "Mellows"; but "I'm a Poor Little Orphan" is a variant arranged by Manney of "Sin ner, Don't Let Dis Harvest Pass," in Fisher's "10 Negro Spirituals.") Her brief introductions to the various songs, interspersed through the pages with black and white drawings as in "Mellows" (the obvious model for the format) accomplish more than the evocation of a vague propitious "atmosphere." Each credits its subject to a remembered singer in Coffeyville, further, contrives without theorizing actually to facilitate an appreciation of one spiritual's merits and an understanding of its function among, and relation to, the unnumbered others. Miss Jessye, it appears, not only can look backward but can tell what she sees so that the reader also sees it; one should write more, who can command the color, rhythm, and humor with which Miss Jessye tells, for instance, of three Coffeyville adies:

They were typical devotees of the old order and considered it a sacred obligation omitted if they failed to shout when the preacher delivered a stirring sermon. All three often shouted at once, and then there was excitement a plenty. It was then that Aunt Lizzie, weighing three hundred pounds, would give way to the Spirit in a manner purely fistic, while Fanny Watts strode sedately around the church with tears rolling down her cheeks.

Aunt Charlotte carried on a rapid-fire conversation with the preacher during the sermon corroborating, admonishing, "Yes, suh,"—"Preach it, elduh," and shaking her fist in his face, "You'd better preach it, suh!" As the sermon would draw to a close, someone would start up the rhythmic shout, "Tall Angel at de Bar," and unable to control herself any longer, Aunt Charlotte would shout and preach, stopping at intervals to exclaim, "God tole Charlotte to shout steady." When the emotion spell was spent she would sink back in her corner breathing heavily, "Strong God."

ARRE NILES

## Harper and Brothers Interested in Pushing Works Of Race Authors.

By FLOYD J. CALVIN

NEW YORK, Apr. 5.—The oldest general book publishing house in New York, Harper and Brothers, 49 East 33d street, is now definitely behind the younger group of Negro writers and hopes to help them realize their literary ambitions. This information was given me by Eugene F. Saxton, of the Editorial Department of Harper's, last week. Mr. Saxton said further, "We believe the tide has definitely turned for the intelligent young

Negro. This has been evident for some time in the field of music and art, but now it is becoming manifest in the field of poetry and fiction. We are interested in making better known the fine work of such men as Claude McKay, Countee Cullen and Alain Locke. We are doing what we can to get them before the white public, and we will appreciate anything you can do to help make them more familiar to the colored public."

Mr. Saxton, a very quiet-spoken man who received me on the sixth floor of the Harper building, spoke very earnestly. He continued: "The younger Negro writers are doing some very splendid work. Every one of Countee Cullen's books is good for from 25,000 to 30,000 sales, and this is most unusual for poetry. The best the white poets expect is from 3,000 to 5,000 sales. During the next five or ten years we will see unusual development of Negro writers. The interest already shown by the general public has been due to several reasons—the war, prosperity and the gradual effect of education on the Negro. The younger Negroes of today are the sons and daughters of Negroes who had the advantage of college training or some educational opportunities, and that makes a difference."

Harper and Brothers, now 115 years old, never published a book by a Negro until it brought out Countee Cullen's "Color" in 1926. The success of this book, which has been amazing for a book of poetry, caused Harper to look with favor on other Negro writers and to continue to look with favor on Mr. Cullen. Last year Harper published two books by Mr. Cullen, namely, "Carol-ing Dusk" and "Copper Sun." They also published "Plays of Negro Life," which was edited by Alain Locke and Montgomery Gregory. On March 1, Harper published "Home to Harlem" by Claude McKay, a novel which is expected to have a high sales record. A description of the book runs as follows: "It is a novel of Harlem life as a Negro sees it. No aspect of his own people has missed the acute observation of the author. He knows the men and women and the lives they lead, from the high-lights of cabaret and pretentious flat to the corner saloon, barber shop and cheap rooming-house. The dramatic, tragic and irresistibly comic aspects of a primitive race, living in the heart of civilization, dancing to the jazzed music of the tom-tom, and carrying razors in the fountain pen-pocket, afford the humorous relief for a book of very real power. Claude McKay is looked upon by the talented writers of his own race as a significant figure in letters. In addition to rare infectious humor, his novel shows a sense of those values, beauty and phantasy and pathos, which infuse all genuine racial expressions."

I was presented to Mr. Saxton by Miss Ruth Raphael, publicity manager for Harper's, with whom I had talked at her desk on the fifth floor before going up to the editorial department. Miss Raphael is tremendously interested in knowing more of Negroes of literary aspirations. She very kindly made an appointment for me to interview Fannie Hurst before I left her presence. She also showed me, with a great deal of pride, some fine office furniture in the reception room on the editorial floor which, she said, was in the office of the president of the company for over a hundred years at their old location in Franklin square. "Nothing you will find in any antique shop in New York can beat this," she said. Harper's moved to its present address four years ago, after having spent 109 years at Nos. 323 to 335 Pearl street. A second book by John W. Vandercook, author of "Tom-Tom," was published by Harper on March 5. It was "Black Majesty," the story of Henry Christophe, the Negro slave born on an obscure plantation in the West Indies, who became King of Haiti and moved to its present address four years ago, after having spent 109 years at Nos. 323 to 335 Pearl street. Another Harper publication recently issued which deals with the Negro is "Or Man Adam an' His Chillun," by Roark Bradford. The volume is made up of Old Testament stories told in the language of the Southern Negro. A description of the book says: "The Negro preacher and his faculty for putting into colloquial speech the dramatic incidents of the Scriptures are famous, and this book has a lusty humor that is not to be resisted. A few of the chapter titles are: Eve and That Snake; Wrestling Jacob; Baalam and His Talking Mule; Sampson, Strong Boy, and Old Man Job." Harper publishes about 500 different books a year. Some of the white authors it is publisher for are Fannie Hurst, Clare Sheridan, William McFee, Llewellyn Powys, Philip Guedalla, Henry Noel Brailsford, J. B. S. Haldane, Dr. Louis I. Dublin, Clarence Budington Kelland, Zane Grey, Rupert Hughes, Hilaire Belloc, Ludwig Lewisohn, Basil King and others.



# Santo Domingo and the American Empire

*Naboth's Vineyard: The Dominican Republic, 1844-1924.* By Sumner Welles. Payson and Clarke. Two volumes. \$7.50.

THE figure of Naboth, murdered for his vineyard, was applied to Santo Domingo by Charles Sumner, in a speech before the United States Senate in December, 1870. Sumner Welles, "Sometime Chief of the Latin-American Division of the Department of State of the United States and American Commissioner to the Dominican Republic from 1922 to 1925," now borrows the title of that speech for a narrative history in two large volumes. To Sumner, military intervention was a "dance of blood." To Welles it is a "costly mistake." There is a difference.

Except for the fine chapter on the Grant annexation project, the first volume might have remained in the inkpot without intolerable loss to anybody. Senator Sumner cannot be vindicated too often. Time, patriotism, and the military prestige of General Grant tend to erase from memory the fact that he was the dupe of concession-hunters like "General" Cazneau and "Colonel" Fabens in a flagrant violation of international law, accompanied, as Sumner pointed out at the time, by usurpation of war powers in peace time by the President of the United States. Judge Schoenrich's excellent history of Santo Domingo is weak at this one point, showing too much reliance on the 1871 report of Grant's "roving band of commissioners," as a contemporary critic dubbed them. Any lack of emphasis on American-Dominican relations in the early part of Judge Schoenrich's account has already been extremely well covered by Dr. Mary Treudley's study, "The United States and Santo Domingo—1789-1866," of the existence of which Mr. Welles does not seem to be aware. The period from 1871 to the first American customs receivership in 1905 is amply treated by Schoenrich, who knew the literature intimately as one of the attorneys in the San Domingo Improvement Company arbitration. Contrary to Mr. Welles's confident belief, his bibliography is quite incomplete, as may be ascertained by a glance at Miss Treudley's. By letting well enough alone, he could have cut the bulk of his work in half and greatly improved its chances of being read. 11-14-28

For the period 1905-1916, Mr. Welles adds to the detail of Judge Schoenrich's narrative with materials from "the archives of the Department of State." Absence of specific references would make an itemized check difficult, but the reviewer has not been able to note anything of importance not already published in the printed volumes of Foreign Relations. It is curious that an ex-diplomat who has lived in the country should not have made use of the *Official Gazette* (*Gaceta Oficial*) or the Dominican Republic, or of the annual reports of the Customs Receivership since 1905. The obvious explanation is that he is mainly interested in political, diplomatic, and military history. Aside from some secondary works in Spanish (among which Max Henriquez Ureña's "Los Estados Unidos y la República Dominicana" is only one of those conspicuously absent) he has, by his own admission, relied mainly on statements from Dominicans who took part in the controversial events for the Dominican side of the question. This is certainly not the most accurate or least prejudiced type of source. Vol. 127, No. 3306

With 743 pages of his space gone, the author gets at last to

the period of the American intervention of 1916-1924, concerning which he has first-hand knowledge. After all, it is in Mr. Welles as candid ex-diplomat that our interest centers, not in Mr. Welles as amateur historian. With only 155 pages for his real story, he is cramped for space. Military "justice" for civilians is barely referred to, the name of Fabio Rialto, the jailed poet, not even appearing in the index. There were, it is admitted, "scattered cases of injustice or maltreatment of civilians in the northern, central, and southern provinces," and "many atrocities were undoubtedly committed" in the eastern provinces. Were it not for this single admission, the general effect of judicial remarks about the unreliability of witnesses might be mistaken for praising with faint damnation. Even one case of wanton killing is none the less murder. Something might be added to the oft-repeated statement that the one officer against whom "many of the most revolting acts of barbarism" were charged "committed suicide before his trial." This officer happened to hold the rank of captain, and was not one of the minor figures out in the brush of the back country. Exactly what were his orders, oral and otherwise, we have no means of knowing. His arrest and death have been shrouded in vague generalities, and the suicide welcomed as an admission of personal guilt which somehow cleansed the others of sin.

"Naboth's Vineyard" is a conventional political, military, and diplomatic history, faulty in technique but strewn with important facts. Its viewpoint is liberal on the whole. It is lucidly written, by a man of intelligence, one who apparently puts down his actual views, pro or con, with perfect candor. He condemns the military government as a costly mistake. We need not share his enthusiasm for the utterances of Charles Evans Hughes as a new and faultless decalogue of Latin-American policy or his optimism about commercial cooperation as a road to real good feeling in order to credit his sincerity. It remains a fact that Americans exploit many thousands of acres more land in the Dominican Republic than they did in 1916. America has the lion's share of the import trade of Santo Domingo, without taking her export sugar, as was formerly the case. What that country needs from us is the removal of some rather subtle economic inequalities. She is not economically self-sustaining, and cannot even retaliate against the injuries inflicted by our tariff wall without hurting herself more than she does us. That these small nations cannot protect themselves against a dangerous amount of alien landholding, or against the ill effects upon the working classes of the importation of cheap labor by foreign concerns, is a fact which no candid observer can fail to recognize.

## BOOK CHAT

"BLACK FOLK TALES," by Erick Berry. Published by Harper & Brothers, 49 E. 33rd St., New York City. Price \$2.00.

Take out your memorandum pad and make a note of this book for Christmas. You will surely want it for the child in your household or for one in your friend's. It's a delightful recital of folk tales, entertaining to all children but especially to those who are descendants of Africans. The stories are not as absorbing as those told by Uncle Remus, but they bring with them a tinge of the earth, "a primitive strength and an oddly twisted humor" as the publisher says on the jacket. Moreover, they have delightful illustrations, weird pictures of animals (the spider with his great eyes is one of the best) and striking artistic sketches of the native. A lovely book, that one longs at once to read aloud to an imaginative child.

The folk tales are those of the Hausa people of North Nigeria, West Africa, a few degrees North of the Equator. Here, as the Foreword tells us, are "hot, steaming jungles, broad, burnt savanna lands that, with the rains, blossom into glorious green again, and mountains that, rocky and tree-covered, lean over tiny red-mud walled and straw-thatched villages. Here live the Hausa people, some thirteen million of them, traders, tillers of the soil, cattle owners, and the savage tribes of a still older Africa. Black people, all of them. Some are nature-worshippers. Many, and these are the Hausas, are Mohammedans, and in their folk tales mingle the older nature-worship and the fabled people of the Koran. There, for instance is Solomon—Suliman now—a black man like themselves and, as they are, living in a mud house with a mud floor as they have."

The Hausas are traders and have often crossed the wide desert, and their contact with Eastern civilization is likely to make their tales, as recounted in this book, pleasing to modern readers. They have a sophistication that the African Folk Tales that travelers have collected for us lack. Then, too, Erick Berry is a clever writer, and while she tells stories as she has heard them around the evening, fire the story teller in the centre, the men and women crouched upon their heels, she puts in them something of herself. If she would let herself go and not feel the necessity of being an anthropologist as well as a story teller, she might rival Kipling in the children's affection. As it is, she is a little too simple, a little too anxious to tell the tale in the African's way. But still she is charming.

The stories are about the spider, who is the villain of the piece, the magpie, the hyena, the lion, the squirrel, the ram, the frog, and others. There is the beautiful daughter of the emir who shall wed him who hoes the greatest area in one day, and the cleverest chameleon who uses the hartebeest as his tool and wins the princess. "And that's the reason the hartebeest always has tears in his eyes." There is the owl that stole the egg and hence may fly only by night lest the hawk and the kite punish her, and there is Solomon with his wives, and the eagle who shows Solomon his folly. The stories are simply told. One would find that they would interest a child of five or six. And the grown person who turns over the pages will, I feel sure, never weary of obeying the listening boy or girl who, when the book is closed, demands that it be read all over again from the beginning.



# Julia Peterkin Writes Again of the Gullah Negroes

SCARLET SISTER MARY. By Julia Peterkin. 345 pp. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.50.

THIS second novel by the author of "Black April" all but cries with color, scent, sound. It has the rich fragrance of a hot candied yam. Mrs. Peterkin rings all the changes of season and weather to build up the world of Scarlet Sister Mary, and she does it in a style that is a happy combination of solidity, brilliance and pure beauty. Sometimes her story sags with too much beauty, but to err in that manner is superhuman and quite easily forgiven.

So real, so arresting to the five senses, is the sub-tropical world of the Blue Brook plantation—a fruitful sector in the sea-island country of the South Carolina lowlands—that Mary's lusty, fertile habit of taking up with any man who suits her fancy seems native to a place where "the earth's richness and the sun's warmth make living an easy thing." This black incarnation of the goddess of fertility is jilted by her lawful husband, but she remains even-up with life by filling her house with children, the only two of which by the same man happen to be twins.

As was the case in "Black April," this book is crammed with the doings and superstitions of the Gullah folk. There is a difference, however. "Black April" was cut to a more spacious pattern; and the figure of the plantation foreman who gave title to the novel did not emerge until well along toward the middle. The great man of the Gullah world, together with his son, Breeze, served to hold together a book that divulged much of life in general on the Blue Brook, from

killing hogs to quilting, and from midwifery (with the aid of charms) to scotching a rattlesnake. Here, in her second novel, Mrs. Peterkin relates everything to the central character; she has made her story more intense by a process of narrowing down.

Mary's character is simple and elemental. It takes color from the world about her. At fifteen she was a "slender, darting, high-spirited girl," in love with July. She has already "sinned" with July before the wedding day, and a hole eaten in her wedding cake by a rat bodes no good for the stability of the marriage. Or so thinks Maum Hannah, the old woman who raised Mary in the absence of parents. But Mary is in love for the first time, and sin is only a word that may entail expulsion from the narrow Gullah church.

What impresses one about Mary is her direct whole-heartedness. If July hadn't been conjured by another woman, Mary would have remained a faithful wife all her black life. When he does quit home she wastes herself to a wisp of her old strong physique, solely through what the Gullah calls "worryation." But flesh won't be denied in a hot land, and Mary, stung back to a desire for life, takes up the "scarlet road" through pride. In addition to Unexpected (Unex for short), the child of her first love, she brings eight more young-

sters into the world. The last two are twins, born the same day that Seraphine, the eldest daughter of Mary, brings an illegitimate grandchild to the Blue Brook. Out of the largeness of her dusky heart Mary puts Seraphine's baby in with her own, and proclaims to the world she has given birth to triplets.

There are two occasions upon which "Scarlet Sister Mary" seems to verge upon the factitiousness of farce. One is when Unexpected, true to his name, returns from up north, carrying a child in his arms.

"Whoa," the reader is inclined to say, "this is too much." The second comes when July marches home from the outland after some twenty years. Mary shakes with an inward desire to take him in again, but she steels herself to dismiss the wretch. It is only when July glimpses eight illegitimate children that he is willing to give up and say farewell. These two touches make an otherwise sound book seem untrue for the moment.

However much the story is devoted to Mary, the supple figure of the black woman does not loom up as the only fine characterization. There is, for example, the cripple, Budda Ben. There is the sanctimonious deacon, Andrew; and there is the one-legged child 'Keepsie. ('Keepsie is so called by Mary because his father hailed from Poughkeepsie up north.) And there is the old woman, Maum Hannah, whose diversion and preoccupation is an abhorrence of "sin."

"Scarlet Sister Mary" may be taken as the second of what should be a series of Gullah stories by Miss Peterkin. With Paul Green and Du Bose Heyward, she is busy with the negro before he loses his simple estate in the South Side of Chicago or in Harlem. She is busy setting methods of life on paper that must soon pass away forever. For when the negro gets his "depluma" from school the antique mores disappear.

JOHN R. CHAMBERLAIN.



Julia Peterkin.



# Ferris Scores Obscurity In Our Literature

By WILLIAM H. FERRIS, A.M.  
Author, "The African Abroad,"  
Two Volumes

NEW YORK, Mar. 29.—It is a big jump downwards from General Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur" and Bulwer Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii," which pictured the grandeur of Christianity, two of the best sellers a generation ago, to Carl Van Vechten's "Nigger Heaven" and Claude McKay's "Home to Harlem," two of the best sellers of recent days. Harper and Brothers would not have dreamed of publishing "Home to Harlem" thirty years ago. Whence the change?

A generation ago Decameron's "Boccaccio" and Zola's novels were regarded as too realistic. But today novels, which go then one better in coarse and brutal realism, are read with avidity. Whence the change?

The modern world has grown less religious and less serious and more materialistic and more pleasure-loving. It craves thrills, excitement, new experiences and new sensations. The reading public had been fed up on the Sunday school stuff, which was doped out in essays, novels, plays and poems. It was satiated with the "Be good and you will be happy" doctrine, which was handed out every Sunday in the churches. It wanted a change. And writers, with no ideals in literature, art and life, who cared more for cash in the hand and temporary notoriety than they did for permanent fame or ennobling mankind, catered to the demand of the reading public. They played up the sex element. Elinor Glynn's "Three Weeks" started the ball rolling. And in Claude McKay's "Home to Harlem" it reached the bottom of the hill. No book could descend lower and bear the slightest semblance to literature; and no reputable publisher would dare to print anything more vulgar.

The writers who catered to the jazz craze and the sex craze had exhausted Broadway and the Bowery in New York, Bowdoin Square in Boston and the Loop in Chicago. They were looking for something new. They heard that in the cabarets of Harlem colored dancers could outshine "Little Egypt" in the body-wriggling and body contortions, which made the S-lome dance and the hoochie-coochie so suggestive. They heard that the bacchanalian feasts and revels of the private parties of Harlem made the dionysian orgies of Broadway pale into insignificance. Then Carl Van Vechten ran up to Harlem seeking out the gay life and gave the results of his explorations in "Nigger Heaven."

Meanwhile, young Negro writers sprang up, claiming that they should be allowed to express themselves, for getting that the ideals of the mind and the heart, as well as the passions of the body and the lusts of the flesh, make up the human personality, and the most important part of the personality. That accounts for Langston Hughes. Then up comes Claude McKay, who goes Van Vechten and Hughes one better. They are realistic artists who describe what they see. But McKay conjures up in his sordid imagination things which never happen in the West Indies or Harlem. He describes a laundry woman from Colon and a country girl from Jamaica stripping stark naked and fighting in the back yard of a Harlem flat in broad daylight before a crowd of spectators. He writes "Home to Harlem." If revelling artistically in dirt, filth and vulgarity is art, then Claude McKay is the most realistic of artists.

Van Vechten's "Nigger Heaven" is a novel with a plot. Claude McKay's "Home to Harlem" has no plot. It is composed of scenes which describe a "Jake," an ex-soldier, going from one city to another city, and finally winding up in Harlem, and occasionally being befriended by a friend of a higher type called "Ray." The characters speak in Negro dialect and West Indian lingo. Claude McKay has the style of the reporter of a boxing match or base ball game. He is vivid and descriptive. He has an eye for the beauties of nature and can rise to real eloquence in describing Mother Nature. He is capable of reaching higher yellow levels in literature than he did in "Home to Harlem." The book is printed in an attractive form and is too bad that such an attractive exterior did not contain a literary content worthy of the mechanical make-up.

Now for the motive of Claude McKay. In my article in The Pittsburgh Courier for November 27, 1926, on "Individuality in Race's Greatest Need," I said: "When I was a student in college, the Venus de Milo, Apollo Belvedere, Hermes poised on his toe on a globe, the figures on the frieze of the Parthenon and the Parthenon itself were pointed out as examples of the genius of Phidias and the art that he inspired. The Sistine Madonna was supposed to represent Raphael at his best. Moses was supposed to represent Michael Angelo at his best. But when it comes to artistically portraying the Negro in literature, art and the drama, the colored man who is cultured, refined and civilized is passed by and the Negro who is superstitious, illiterate, grotesque or immoral is cast upon the screen and it is called art, high art, glorious art, radiant art, sun-kissed art, etc. When the Negro becomes grotesque or ludicrous, then he becomes a colorful personality for the artist, dramatist or novelist."

That is because the white novelists, short story writers, dramatists and artists know that if they present the Negro as ugly, grotesque, ridiculous, inferior and immoral, it will pander to the Caucasian's superiority complex. That is why Collier's in its March 10 issue, in "Milk-Fed," had a short story of a disabled colored soldier in a hospital who became tired of his milk diet, slipped off his cot in the hospital at night when the nurse was away, rushed into the kitchen, seized a butcher's knife, drove out the cook, ate three deliciously cooked chickens and then slipped back to his cot and tucked himself under the covers again. The story gave the readers of Collier's a good laugh at the Negro's expense. And George F. Worts made a hit. Claude McKay, who is now in France, did not find Russia and other European countries a bed of roses. He was stranded in Europe in the spring and summer of 1926. He wrote his New York friends pitiful letters imploring aid. He didn't get it. He wanted money, needed money, badly. He knew that the quickest, the surest and easiest way to get it was to hold up his own race to ridicule and contempt before the Caucasian world. So he wrote "Home to Harlem." If revelling artistically in dirt, filth and vulgarity is art, then Claude McKay is the most realistic of artists. He is the most realistic of artists.

"bull dicker," which are only bar-room terms.

Some kindly souls may think that I am too hard on the gifted Jamaica poet. They may say that he has to make his writings vibrant, colorful and picturesque in order to sell them. This may all be true, but when our upgood Caucasian friends read that two dusky ladies divested themselves of every bit of clothing in broad daylight and battled for the privilege of supporting a lazy, trifling man, these Caucasian friends would believe that the incident actually occurred. I am afraid that in his own anxiety to produce a thriller Mr. McKay forgot about the reflex psychological reaction upon the Caucasian mind. The glitter of the long green and the lure of the yellow gold blinded the author's usually keen esthetic sense. In decades past and gone, hackwriting never produced the best literature. And it is hardly believe that it will do so in the frenzied jazz age. Real literature, literature like the Bible, Homer's Iliad and Homer's Odyssey, like Vergil's Aeneid, like Dante's Divine Comedy, like Milton's Paradise Lost and like Victor Hugo's Les Misérables and Scott's Ivanhoe that lasts and goes singing down the ages comes not when a man writes for the sake of a dollar or the applause of the gallery, but when he gives expression to some of the nascent ideals and the unuttered longings of the human soul. As I turned over the pages of "Home to Harlem" I thought of what a famous English novelist wrote me in the winter of 1914 about the dangers of writing for a living.

## POST

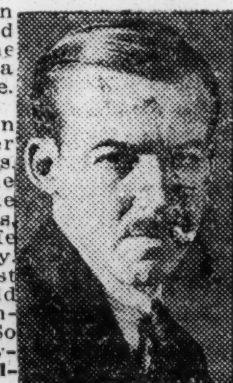
MAR 1 1928

## Books on Our Table

By Bruce Gould

### Claude McKay Writes the First Real Novel of Harlem Negro Life

A YEAR or two back, Carl Van Vechten wrote a novel, called "Nigger Heaven"—about negro life in Harlem. It seemed sophisticated, overly-adorned, unreal in a garishly painted way. It was an impressive performance, but more by virtue of the sense of falsity it gave than by its ring of truth. In much the same way an Iowa boy, after his first hectic visit to Montmartre, might write a flaming ostentatious novel of his experience and believe it to be a vivid picture of French family



Bruce Gould

be a vivid picture of French family

life. The reader obtained a sensation a vivid pictorial impression, as Florence Mills in her jungle dance was picturesque, but neither was the essence of Harlem, however flaunting and colorful both were.

Now comes what appears to be the first authentic novel about the Harlem negro, written by the negro poet Claude McKay. "Home to Harlem" (Harpers, \$2.50), published today, was made to be read by all people who want to know the life the negro really lives in that Manhattan district above 125th Street, known as the Belt, Nigger Heaven, or just Harlem.

McKay, though he has passed quite a bit of time in Harlem, was not born there, nor does he live there now. He was born in a two-room, thatched house in Jamaica. As a child he learned of his parents' abduction from Madagascar, and of their sale at auction. They were sold together because they went on a "death strike," declaring that they would be sold together or kill themselves. If this shameful incident has branded itself forever on the soul of Mr. McKay, nothing of it peers through his novel. It is not a story of protest, though when you close the lively study of these carelessly happy people, whose lot is such that they ought to be forever sick at heart, you are left to the saddest imaginings as to what the future will bring them. Something of the rebel there is in McKay, however. His earliest poems were written to street-car workers on strike. He was able, through the kindness of a friend, to obtain two years in college. Then he decided to become a

negro workman. He has worked as a kitchen drudge, on a Pullman, as a stoker, and for the last few years on the docks at Marseilles and in London, where he writes. This book ought to establish him as one of the foremost novelists concerned with negro life.

The problem of the absorption of the negro into what is called the American melting pot presents an all too hopeless aspect to most people. There are ethnologists, who deal in terms of thousands of years, who declare that the white and black races will gradually become inextricably mixed. They predict that the race question will disappear. Undoubtedly the Southern slave-holders, the whitetrash and carpetbaggers went a long way toward accomplishing that end, as it is the Harlem that the negro witness the extremes of light and dark-colored skins of the current inhabi-

And the process has not been discontinued. By and large, however, there is no doubt of the existence of a race prejudice. McKay pictures the complete acceptance of this definite color bar in his novel as a thing which is no less real and palpable because it is entirely a mental or spiritual force. Denied by law, it is upheld by custom and precedent, not only in the South, but hardly less so in the North, which intellectually denies its prejudice.

Not that race prejudice alone explains the fact that the negro is this nation's underdog. A prejudice exists against the Italian also, when he is a "wop," against the English when he is a "cockney," against the Slav when he is a "hunkey," against the Irish, indeed, the remnants of most nationalities. But most of those races can rise above the level indicated by those epithets. The negro, except for rare instances, apparently cannot. When he does, he is only too completely accepted. At the present time, indeed, a veritable cult is made of accepting the intellectual negro here in New York. White talent, of the same rank, is not so acclaimed. It must be disgusting to a self-respecting negro to be so patronized. Perhaps, however, the emancipated negro cannot yet afford to have self-respect, which usually accompanies complete liberty—that is to say equality. For the most part, however, the negro is submerged. Below the flow of general humanity sweeps the black current like a tortuous undertow. It is all a part of the same stream. At the lowest level of the upper current, and the top of the lower, the two mingle. But with no general effect on the colors of the two great streams. Whether he can or not, the negro has not shown striking ability immediately to elevate himself. The process should go on, of course. But until it is accomplished, the negro is likely to remain among the lower classes.

All this, however, digresses from the novel in hand, which recounts the return of Jake, a happy, all-sufficient buck negro, from the wars of democracy, and tells of the adventures of love and life, but mostly love, that await his return to Harlem. Mostly it is the idyl of Jake and Felice, the "sweetest brown" he ever met. Jake was loved by all the gals who set eyes on him, but Felice was the far-mixed. They predict that the raceway princess. It is the strangest idyl that was ever tangled up with the Southern slave-holders, the whitetrash and carpetbaggers went a long way toward accomplishing that end, as it is the Harlem that the negro witness the extremes of light and dark-colored skins of the current inhabi-



in the black dives of jazz. It is Jake's story, mostly, although McKay has, perhaps, projected himself into the final half of the novel in the character of Ray, a negro student, trying to understand what place he can make for himself in a white world. Ray finds he can make no place at all, except as a Pullman waiter, or a cabin messboy. To Jake, however, all life is easy. That is the way he takes all its problems—easy. He works hard, when he wants to work. He makes love when he wants romance, which is most every night. He carries no razor, and is no fighter, though his muscles are big, like his heart. He is what white people would call a "good nigger," somewhat shiftless, perhaps, but hard-working, and happy most of the time, and not looking for trouble. Around him are the "sweetmen" who live on the wages of their mistresses; the gamblers and fighters of the negro underworld, and the negro society world. Of it all he becomes a part, because he takes life easy, and is a big, handsome boy, ready for anything. If you would understand the Harlem negro, you will have to look at it through Jake's eyes. He sees it as it has never been seen before—in print.

Copyright, 1928, by N. Y. Evening Post, Inc.

#### MORE OF MR. SLAPPEY

**FLORIAN SLAPPEY GOES ABROAD.** By Octavus Roy Cohen. 311 pp. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

IF Octavus Roy Cohen's Birmingham negroes are funny in their native habitat they are still funnier against a foreign background. In Rome, in Paris, in Bismarck, in Naples, all over the Continent, the familiar figures get into scrapes and out of them. The new volume, "Florian Slappey Goes Abroad," comprises nine short stories whose titles indicate in themselves the comic quality of their contents.

The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of Birmingham, Ala., composed entirely of colored men and women, sails for Europe to take pictures on foreign soil. The popular Florian Slappey is among them, debonair and jaunty. Though he is not the hero in every story, though in a few he does not even appear, still his presence is generally felt, and he is usually doing something that creates trouble or doing something else doubly hard to put behind him the disaster he has courted.

The very seriousness with which these colored people use polysyllabic words for the sake of sound instead of sense, and their typical turn of speech, so competently transcribed by the author, add to those humorous qualities for which

the stories and their protagonists have become well known.

If you have read any of the Florian Slappey stories before and enjoyed them, you will find this volume a continuation of previous pleasures. If you have not, this book will serve as introduction.

#### NATIVE NEW YORKERS

**QUEER STREET.** By John Wiley. 283 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

**QUEER STREET,** the latest novel from the pen of the youthful John Wiley, takes a family of that rare animal, the native New Yorker, and runs it through a time-honored gamut of fashion and conservatism in a brownstone house in the area above Forty-sixth Street and below Central Park to the fourteen-room duplex apartment on Fifth Avenue in which the youngest daughter finally establishes herself.

The transition takes place gradually. Its brownstone characters remain brownstone. The older children go over gradually and regretfully to the newer ideas and end in a strange mixture of both; the youngest jumps in a thorough modern and the pace of the novel increases as her turbulent career gets under way. The plot is hardly new, but it is well and naturally put forth, and should be of interest for its very truth. It is not hard to imagine many families in New York facing much the same triumphs, the same scandals, the same underlying problems—and answering them in the same way.

The position of the Skeffington family at the opening of the book is impregnable in every respect. There are two sons and three daughters. The eldest daughter, Maria, follows the expected path—comes out in mighty fashion, has a successful season and marries an Italian prince because she had a little competition in getting him, and soon disappears from the picture. The eldest son has an affair with an actress, marries her, and the two disappear in the grand manner by the simple expedient of buying them a ticket to China with no return—familiar breath of scandal nicely covered up—vanish eldest son. The second son has weak lungs and a weakness for polo ponies, and through all the vicissitudes of his more erratic brother and sisters is their rock of refuge—nice man, that. The story concerns itself mostly with Louisa, the second daughter, and Anna, younger by ten years than any of the others. Louisa makes that foolish mistake of fall-

ing in love with a married man, and when complications arise from this relationship pounces on poor, humble, loving and utterly dull Mr. Potts, a lodger from down the

## Latest Works Of Fiction

(Continued from Page 8)

street, and makes him her husband. Louisa at this time had the courage to keep up appearances and adhere to the conventionalities which she had been taught but did not believe. Anna, who had the dubious advantage of maturing during the war period, had the courage to knock conventions down and explain why, in spite of her brownstone family, who by now were existing on an excellent old name and past glories.

The inevitable rub between Louisa and Anna begins when Anna meets Louisa's old lover, whose wife by this time is dead, and who has become a perennial debutante delight.

"Queer Street" is a story of modern New York as we know it and see it and live in it. It is as convincing and unpretentious a record of the upper strata of New York life as has appeared in some time. A good story.

### BLACK ULYSSES.

**RAINBOW ROUND MY SHOULDER.** By Howard W. Odum. Indianapolis: The Bobbs, Merrill Company.

Those who have been briefly introduced to Left Wing Gordon in Odum's "New Negro Songs" will welcome with interest the further annals of this "black Ulysses" who tells in detail about the "more'n a hundred different camps I worked in." For the most part, Odum has left black Ulysses to give his own story of the things in life which interest and affect a wandering negro laborer, restricting his own sociological interpretation to deft, suggestive summaries introducing each chapter without detracting from the force and vividness of the dialect story.

And what a tale black Ulysses tells! A childhood background of irregularity, neglect, family strife, and courage sent him on the road when he was "goin' on thirteen years old," tasting bitterness and sweetness in such blossoms of civilization as factories, railroads, steamboats, hotels, sawmills, traveling shows and chain gangs. In song and story he weaves his tangled web of gambling, fighting and loving—sometimes grim, gray strands of fist and gun, of friends deceived, of graceless cruelty, sometimes sheer gossamer waft with

lonesome tears:

"Ain't had nothin' to eat,  
Ain't had nowhere to sleep.  
Breezin' ground was my foldin' bed.  
I'm on my way, Lawd, I'm on my way."

And then come the blues; how those low-keyed minor songs do sing of every state of mind and heart, of every twist and turn of the folk-soul! There are achin' hearted blues, 'fo'-day blues, mistreatin' daddy blues, sweet-smellin' mama blues, blues of boll weevils and hot lips, of po' riders and Muscle Shoals.

Black Ulysses is pastmaster at joking and jorecin'.

"Say, ole nigger, yo' face look lak po' man's dinner wrapped up in dish rag."

"Gwa'n, nigger, you ain't got no sense; if I was to ketch hold o' one stran' o' yo' hair an' pull I'd ravel yo' whole brains out."

Riddles came easily. Milk was "all over fiel' in daytime an' set on shelf at night," and cow was "two lookers, two crookers, fo' stiffstanders an' a flyflooker."

"Mos' generally I tries to please white folks when I can. I considers that my bes' duty an' least-wise that's best way I can git along." But frequently the white man fails in complete understanding:

"Well, it ain't no use to worry. An' it ain't no use to whine. But when you think I'm laughin', Laughin' to keep from cryin'."

With his pictures of church and home, of outlaw camps and barrel clubs, of creepers and conjure-doctors, of life in the raw as well as in the rainbow Black Ulysses brings one nearer to seeing that troubled spirit which sometimes underlies a smiling face.

NEWBELL NILES PICKETT.

**"COTTON NEEDS PICKIN'" BOOK OFF THE PRESS**

Charles H. Williams, of Hampton Institute, Preserves Folk Lore Dances

"Cotton Needs Pickin'" a book of characteristic Negro folk dances, by Charles H. Williams, physical director at Hampton Institute, is just off the press of the Guide Publishing Co., and will be ready for sale on June 22. The book contains eight dances with accompanying words, music and description, and brings these Negro songs and dances into use for educational purposes in the schools.

"Just as other races and nations have their folk songs and dances,

which represent past ceremonies and customs of religious and social significance," says Mr. Williams in his foreword to the work, "so the Negro has his folk songs and dances." The dances included in the volume, are, "Cotton Needs Pickin'," "Plantation Days," "Charleston," "Going up the Mountain," "Granddaddy is Dead," "Go in and out the Window," "Peep Squirrel," and "May Pole Dance."

All of these dances are of Negro origin except "Go in and out the Window" and "Granddaddy is Dead" which are included because they are known and played by nearly all Negro children.

"Charleston" offers an interesting and valuable study. Much has been said and written of the origin of this modern dance, but it is thought to have been given birth on an island off the coast of South Carolina. Later it was introduced in Charleston and from there it reached New York by way of Harlem and its fascinating night life and Negro dancers in popular Negro shows. The steps in this dance were demonstrated by students who remembered having seen these and similar steps executed in childhood. "Charleston" as arranged in the collection was danced by Hampton Institute students at their physical education demonstration in 1927.

The book, which takes its name from the first dance, "Cotton Needs Pickin'," consists of twenty-four pages 9x12, with a cover design printed in four colors depicting a step from the first dance. Each dance is illustrated with portraits of groups executing steps from it. Music also accompanies each dance.

Mr. Williams' work in assembling this material deserves the highest commendation. It is something unique in its field and it will open the way for further study of Negro folk dances. Studies in other planes of Negro folklore are already well advanced and commanding the attention of the literary world. But the field of "Cotton Needs Pickin'" is yet virgin and the brilliant results which Mr. Williams has obtained should give a great impetus to further work in that line.

The printing is an exceptionally fine piece of typography, executed throughout by The Guide Publishing Co. The price of the book is \$1.50 postpaid, and may be ordered from the Hampton Institute Book Store, Hampton, Va.



# Bibliography - 1928.

## Occupied Haiti

*Black Democracy—the Story of Haiti*, by H. P. Davis.  
New York: The Dial Press. 370 pages. \$5.

MR. DAVIS has admirably sorted out the obscure history of this lesser end of a not inconsiderable West Indian island, and for the first time presented a fairly coherent picture of what has happened to the western part of Columbus Hispaniola, where near Cape Haitien the discoverer planted the first European settlement on his return from his first voyage. Characteristically these European adventurers fell out with the peaceable inhabitants and were all murdered before Columbus returned, thus beginning the three hundred years of murder, rapine, and misgovernment from which Haiti has suffered. From the slack hands of its Spanish discoverers Haiti early slipped into the control of the French, who were more methodical if no more humane in their methods, and ruled this end of Hispaniola until their great revolution finally gave its inhabitants their freedom. That the French have never distinguished themselves as colonists is a commonplace. They succeeded less with Haiti than with Martinique or Guadeloupe in entrenching themselves and permanently controlling the mass of imported black slaves. And they left behind them an ominous percentage of "color," i. e., mixed blood, which remains today the greatest problem of all in Haiti. They also left the rudiments of their language in the *patois* and a few priests. But after nearly two hundred years of occupation the French left Haiti less civilized, less prepared to meet the crisis of self-government than perhaps any one of the much misgoverned Caribbeans. It was the nearest to the African jungle, and so it has remained to this day.

There is an obvious irony in the title of Mr. Davis' book, for Haiti has never experienced, either under French control or under the fitful despotisms of her Negro "generals," "kings," "emperors," "presidents"—or under the benevolent despotism of American Marines—anything which could remotely be described as "democracy." One after another, from Toussaint to Sam, black and mulatto generals—many of them trained in the French army—seized and held power for a few stormy years, always by force. The consent of the governed was ever a meaningless phrase in Haiti.

All this Mr. Davis sets forth fairly, dispassionately. No Haitian, no "liberal" American friend of Haiti, could take exception to his history of this abused country, nor does he anywhere betray contempt or condescension towards the black in his efforts to attain self-government under the impossible conditions created by Spanish and French misrule. This occupies not quite half of his text. The other half concerns what Mr. Davis calls "the revolutionary period" of rapidly shifting "ephemeral governments" (1908-1915) and the period of American Occupation, 1915 to date. It would be expecting too much of any historian that he should treat these recent events, the Occupation, with the same

impartiality that he does the exploits of Toussaint, Dessalines, Christophe, President Sam, *et al.* The material is too close, and the observer must be influenced if not biased by acquaintance with the chief actors in the Occupation. And in spite of an obvious effort to hold to neutral statement and citation of documents, the narrative of events in these later chapters assumes the character of special pleading, if not of direct propaganda. This is not said in criticism: any other attitude would be hypocritical or specious. Mr. Davis as a white American must see the intervention from the point of view of his own race, of the people engaged still in "cleaning up" a sore spot on the margin of civilization. It is rather to his credit that he has not slurred the record or dodged the issues involved. His chapters on the American Occupation contain the fullest and clearest statement of that controversial episode yet made, with ample quotations in text and notes and addenda of documents, so that for the first time Americans so inclined may learn in a single book the record of their officials in Haiti without being forced to delve into a mass of congressional reports and *ex parte* pamphlets.

The record is all here, good and bad, from the day when Admiral Caperton landed at Port-au-Prince and shepherded what was left of the gold in the bank of Haiti into the National City Bank of New York, to the final revisions of the "Constitution" (drawn by an assistant secretary of the American Navy and so carelessly drawn that it has required much tinkering by its sponsors, who have never dared to let it work by itself!). It is not possible in this brief review to argue over again the question of American intervention in Haiti, whether we should have gone in in the beginning, or having gone in should have come out, the pretext for our interference having been removed. What is obvious to the reader of Mr. Davis' book is the sickening amount of hypocrisy and ineptitude involved in the game of imperialism as played by our government. The spectacle of "interpretations," "revisions," "amendments," of political management to get the sort of "elected" president we could work with and keep him in power, in defiance of our own imposed constitution, because he is a serviceable tool, becomes wearisome. At the best, our diplomacy in Haiti was childish, at the worst, contemptible. Hypocrisy, however, as we have often been told, is an integral part of the Puritan psychology: we could not do good to Haiti without going through the legalistic forms and having everything properly rubber-stamped in Washington and Port-au-Prince.

To come to realities out of the futilities of statesmanship, as Mr. Davis does in the final chapter of his book, and as the American people are hardly yet ready to do, whatever justification there once may have been for an armed intervention and occupation of Haiti by American Marines, and control through a Marine officer disguised as "Resident Commissioner"; whatever good things—and there are many, all amply set forth by Mr. Davis—have been accomplished by the rough and ready hand of the Marines, the day for this crude technique has long passed. We should quit hypocrisy and shuffling and postponing the decision to the general election which we are not yet ready to hold. Are we going to keep Haiti under the wing of

the U. S. Marines indefinitely, or are we really going to live up to our word—our most recent word—and get out in 1936? Not an officer in the Marine Corps in Haiti with whom the writer talked in 1926 believed that the United States would ever "let go." Perhaps not. But since then it has become more apparent that, rich as the soil of Haiti is, the conditions do not favor that large-scale exploitation which is our national specialty. And, since Nicaragua, the role of providence has become less popular in the United States. A different policy seems to be afoot. If so, we should be frank enough to tell the Haitian people and let go. If not, if we are to stay indefinitely "for the good of humanity," indeed, even if we are to remain only until 1936, for our own good we should shift control from military to civil hands.

That, obviously, should have been done long ago, as soon as active resistance ceased. Authority over Haitian affairs should be centralized, not scattered over three departments and half a dozen bureaus plus an occasional congressional committee of investigation. And we should evolve a policy toward Haiti which might well include something more than the collection of customs, of debt payments, building good roads and sanitation. All these are excellent things and done with efficiency by the Marine Corps, but if Haiti is to remain indefinitely a *protégé* of the United States, she has the right to expect something in the way of education (from her own revenues!), a moderate amount of local government, and ultimately some sort of try-out of the much-patched constitution we were so proud to bestow on her. As Mr. Davis emphatically points out, the first steps of training in self-government are yet to be undertaken. Are we willing to hold a backward people forever in military subjection, which is what the present "occupation" of Haiti amounts to? Every careful investigator of conditions in Haiti realizes that the Haitians are not yet ready for black democracy; but must they remain forever a subject people bound and gagged under white imperialism?

ROBERT HERRICK



# In Haiti We Try to Build a Government by the People

**BLACK DEMOCRACY: The Story of Haiti.** By H. P. Davis. Illustrated; maps. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, the Dial Press. \$5.

By HENRY E. ARMSTRONG

**B** "BLACK DEMOCRACY" is a title to be preferred for a book dealing with modern Haiti. The British Minister Spencer St. John, who wrote about the Haitians more than forty years ago, called their country the Black Republic, although it had always been ruled by an oligarchy and was therefore a republic only in name. As it is the policy of the United States to bestow upon Haiti, if it can, a government by the people, Mr. Davis's title is better. He has lived twelve years in Port-au-Prince, and for some time was Secretary of the American Chamber of Commerce in that city. There has been no keener student of the American intervention. He is of a liberal and judicial mind, rendering credit where it is due and always avoiding partisanship. A friend, and in time it might be said, of President Borno, his relations with the High Commissioner, Brig. Gen. John H. Russell of the United States Marine Corps, have always been agreeable. Mr. Davis has the gift of calling things by their right names and pronouncing opinions fearlessly, but he has no sympathy with those Americans who, in judging the work of the supervisory government in Haiti, are swayed by the purblind sentimentality. If any reader expects the author to coddle the Haitians and abuse General Russell and his marines, a disappointment awaits him; on the other hand, if the my-country-right-or-wrong patriot expects the author to overlook flaws in the American plan for the training of the Haitians in democracy and blunders in its execution, he will soon be disillusioned. Perhaps it would be well to begin by looking at conditions in Haiti in 1914, the year before intervention, through the spectacles of the editor of the journal *La Plume* (one wonders whether he long survived his audacity):

What is our army? A band of armed people who pretend that the soldier must not fight. What is our justice? Judges poorly paid, trembling before the man in power and obligated to trade with their power in order to earn a living. What is our public education? A make-believe pretext, as are many others, to loot the public treasury. What of our men of letters? Hunger-stricken devils persecuted if they do not consent to keep silent. What of our press? Bought and paid for, taking money with one hand and offering the incentive of flattery with the other. What of our parliament? A band of men subservient to power and strangely taking responsibilities in antipatriotic acts provided they are ordered to do so.

The Government of Haiti thus arranged was brutally arbitrary, indescribably corrupt, caring nothing for the public welfare. It was as incompetent as it was unprincipled. None were more wretched from poverty, neglect and disease than the people it was supposed to serve—the common people, the toilers, and abode in shams and huts and had no hope of a better future. There were no roads in the country, no well-paved streets in the cities. Port-au-Prince was seamed with gullies that passed for thoroughfares. The air was tainted with the decay of things that a street cleaning department in a civilized country removes every few hours. Port-au-Prince was hardly less filthy than in the days of Sir Spencer St. John. It was fetid from fearlessly, but he has no sympathy with those Americans who, in judging the work of the supervisory government in Haiti, are swayed by the purblind sentimentality. If any reader expects the author to coddle the Haitians and abuse General Russell and his marines, a disappointment awaits him; on the other hand, if the my-country-right-or-wrong patriot expects the author to overlook flaws in the American plan for the training of the Haitians in democracy and blunders in its execution, he will soon be disillusioned. Perhaps it would be well to begin by looking at conditions in Haiti in 1914, the year before intervention, through the spectacles of the editor of the journal *La Plume* (one wonders whether he long survived his audacity):

What is our army? A band of armed people who pretend that the soldier must not fight. What is our justice? Judges poorly paid, trembling before the man in power and obligated to trade with their power in order to earn

rose from slavery to the command of armies that with fever as their ally vanquished the troops of Napoleon. It would be well to bear in mind that the Haitians of today are the descendants of the blacks who fought for freedom with an appalling ferocity.

Once in control themselves, the blacks had no bowels of mercy in dealing with the mulattoes. The monster Dessalines slew men, women and children "generally after excruciating tortures." The number of his victims was ten thousand and more. "I told Dessalines," said Toussaint, whom Wordsworth has idealized in a famous sonnet, "to prune the tree, not to uproot it." Pruning has never been the way of the Haitians when exercising arbitrary power from that day to 1915. In the final campaign of Leclerc and Rochambeau against the negroes, yellow fever and malaria decided the issue against the French. Rochambeau, after Leclerc's death, capitulated to overwhelming numbers of blacks commanded by Dessalines. In thirteen years from the time of the revolt not one single foot of land was

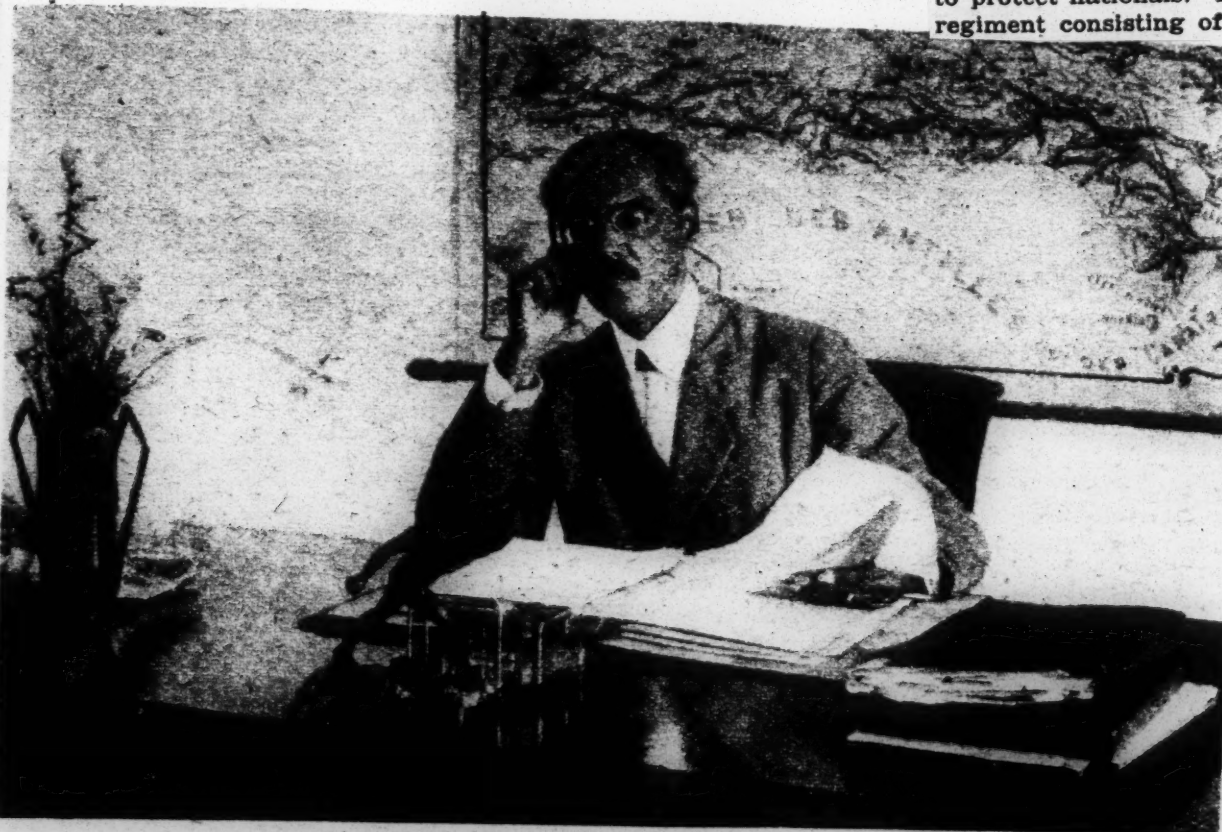
owned by a white man, and the negroes, who a few years before had been slaves, and many of whom had been born in Africa, were in complete possession of all that remained of the property which, together with their own bodies, had constituted the wealth of their former masters.

How could it be expected that a model Commonwealth would be set up by the slaves and their progeny, or that, left to rule themselves in their own way, leaders of such a people would not sometimes wade through slaughter to the seat of authority and maintain themselves by the lust of cruelty until some one more savage slew them or drove them into exile? Mr. Davis has told the story with restraint. There are bright spots in it, the long rule of Boyer (twenty-five years), who died in his bed in Paris in 1850, and the reform Presidency of the venerable Nord Alexis, who in the end was forced to abdicate, a victim of his investigations of fraud. Says the author:

Within the following period of six and a half years (1908 to 1915) seven Presidents were elected and deposed. Of these one was blown up in the national palace, one died, it is said, by poison, and of

the other five, all of whom were deposed by revolutions, one was butchered in a massacre of political prisoners, and another was torn to pieces by a mob.

Of this brief and bloody period no one has written from first sources with so much insight and intelligence as Mr. Davis. The time had come for intervention by the United States. France, Germany and England, pressing for liquidation of legitimate debts. Settlement by force was even proposed, but the immediate and unavoidable cause of intervention was the massacre of 167 persons in the National Prison, including ex-President Orestes Zamor, by agents of President Vilbrun Guillaume Sam, followed by the storming of the French Legation by a mob seeking Sam. He was found under a bed, dragged out and dismembered in the street. His torso was hauled with ropes through Port-au-Prince. Admiral Caperton, who had come into the harbor on the cruiser *Washington* earlier in the day, was told by the French Minister and the British Chargé d'Affaires that the city was in the hands of a mob. They urged him to occupy Port-au-Prince in order to protect nationals. A provisional regiment consisting of two compa-



Louis Borno, President of the Republic of Haiti.



nies of marines and three of blue-jackets was put ashore. Conditions were so bad, no less than 1,500 cacos clamoring for the election of Dr. Bobo by the National Assembly, that Admiral Caperton asked for a full regiment of marines. From the State Department came this assurance:

United States of America has no object in view except to insure, establish and help to maintain Haitian independence and the re-establishing of a stable and firm Government by the Haitian people. Every assistance will be given to the Haitian people in their attempt to secure these ends. It is the intention to retain United States forces in Haiti only so long as will be necessary for this purpose.

The author thinks that too much emphasis cannot be laid on the fact "that at the time the American Government actually had to decide on intervention in Haiti, it was by no means assured that Germany might not later, after a victory over the Allies, make good its plainly expressed pretensions" (to acquire a naval base at Mole St. Nicholas). At the request of Admiral Caperton, because the time was inopportune, the Chamber of Deputies postponed the election of a President. Senator Dartiguenave, who had never been connected with a revolution and was concerned about Haiti's regeneration, had a good deal of support. Dr. Bobo's backing came mainly from the radical cacos, but his ability and good character were not denied. Then the Secretary of the Navy was heard from. "The United States," he cabled, "prefers election of Dartiguenave." The assurance of the political independence and integrity of Haiti was repeated. About the same time the Secretary of State notified the American Minister in Haiti that

the United States expects to be entrusted with the practical control of the customs and such financial control over the affairs of the Republic of Haiti as the United States may deem necessary for efficient administration.

Dartiguenave was elected. It was obvious, says the author, that he would not have been chosen by the Chamber of Deputies "if the presence of the armed forces of the United States had not prevented the Caco army from repeating the time-honored program." They were a unit for Dr. Bobo, and "influential men of Port au Prince" supported him. Next on the program was the Haitian-American treaty. It was intimated to the new President that the terms of it had been known in Haiti for a year, and it was now taken for granted that the

Haitian Congress would authorize him to "conclude without modification" that treaty. For some time negotiations proceeded unsatisfactorily. The Chamber balked at customs control and "was against the American occupation in general." The order came to take over the Haitian custom houses for what Admiral Caperton believed to be cause, improper use of funds. He asked for more troops, pointing out that to take over the custom houses in seven open ports "meant practically the military occupation of the sea coast of Haiti." In some of the ports opposition to the new President had developed. The Haitian Government was willing to consent to customs control, but drew the line at the administration of collections by the United States. It agreed to the "pacification" of Haiti, but wanted to have something to say about the time when troops should be withdrawn. Fear of an outbreak at Port au Prince, Admiral Caperton proclaimed martial law in that city. This "apparently had the desired effect," says Mr. Davis. It was agreed to accept the treaty without modifications. The new Minister of Foreign Affairs, Louis Borno, signed it. He has now been President of Haiti for several years. It was about this time that President Dartiguenave issued a proclamation in which he said that "the powerful and generous nation of North America saw our unhappiness, and taking pity on us came in the name of humanity and universal fraternity to offer us the hand of friendship and succor." The treaty was to remain in force for ten years. The time has since been extended to 1936, ten years more. Outside the capital the Dartiguenave Government had little authority. Marines were still breaking up caco bands. Business had practically ceased. There was much poverty.

The author stresses as a factor making for unrest "the very decided racial antagonism which has always been more pronounced between Americans and Haitians than between the Haitians and other white peoples." Another cause for dissatisfaction was the feeling as time went on that the American officials were profiting financially. All the Haitian precedents encouraged this notion. Mr. Davis observes:

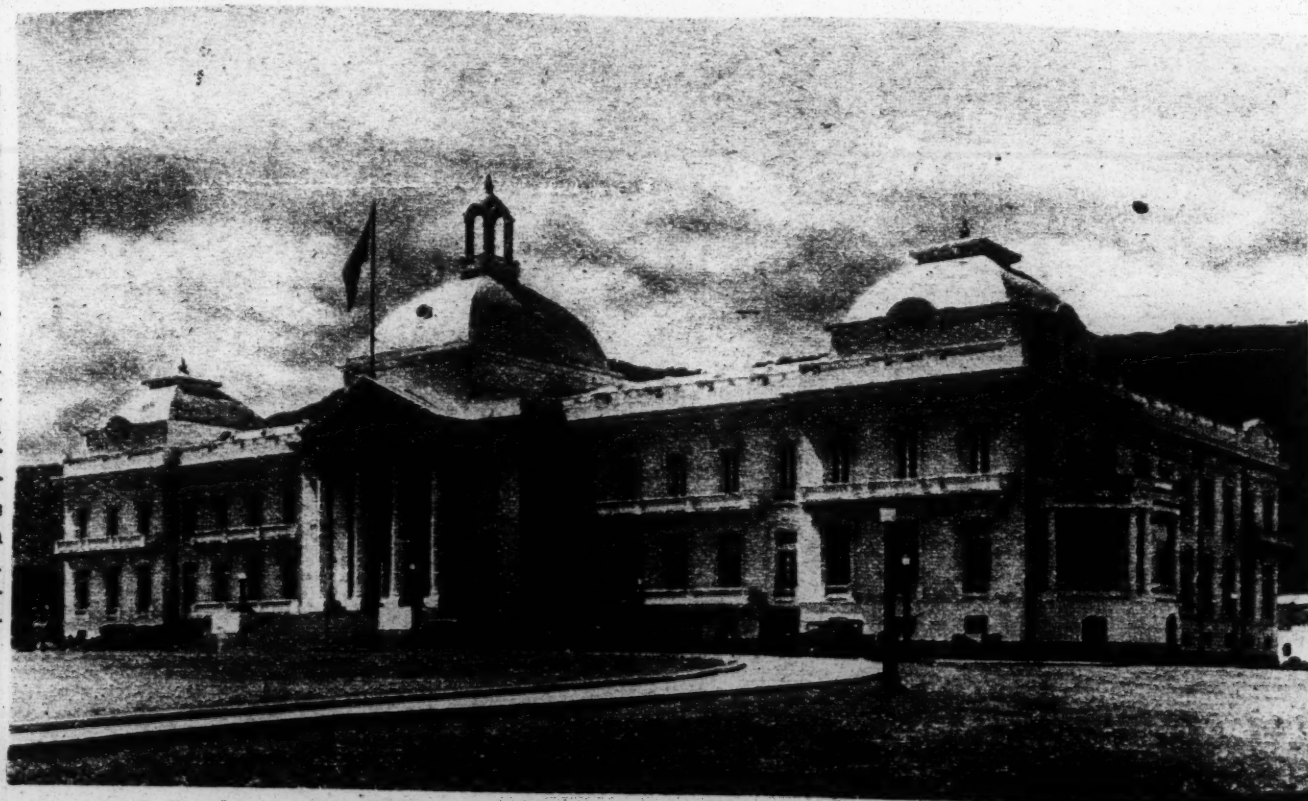
One may question the wisdom of the policies of the American intervention in Haiti, but it is most unfair and even disingenuous and unintelligent to question the motives which have inspired this policy or the integrity of the responsible officials.

When the question of a revision of the Constitution to fit new conditions came up, the Chamber of Deputies was not inclined to accept American recommendations, in fact decided to approve its own draft. The President sided with the United States, but the Chamber continued to be obstructive. The President was asked to dissolve the Chamber in consequence, and signed a decree. This was taken into the hall by a Major of marines, who read it aloud, the presiding officer refusing to receive it. The Chamber was cleared. The step was then taken of holding a plebiscite on the draft of the Constitution approved at Washington. "There was little opportunity for public discussion," says the author, "and the great majority of the electorate were entirely incompetent to analyze the proposed changes." Few of the voters could read or write. One ballot of a certain color was used to signify approval, of another color for disapproval. Only 769 votes of 100,000 were in the negative. The author believes that the proceeding was "in essence farcical." The widespread impression was that "the vote must be for," and so it was cast.

A special article ratified the acts of the United States Government during the military occupation; another provided for the ownership of land by foreigners; still another created a Council of State to "exercise the legislative power until a

duly elected legislative body shall have been constituted." It has not functions, and reduce the armed been elected yet, although the Con-forces of the United States to a stitution is now almost ten years minimum. A thoughtful book con-old. On April 10, 1922, Louis Borno scientifically and admirably written. was elected President by the new Council of State, which is supposed to be "transitory," and he has since been re-elected by that body. He is on record as saying that the people of Haiti in their ignorance are unfit to elect a legislature, and yet they voted on the new Constitution as approved by the Government at Washington. The prospect now is that President Borno will be re-elected again by the Council of State to serve until 1936, when the treaty with Haiti will expire after an occupation of twenty years.

In final chapters, "Haiti Today" and "What Is to Be Done?" Mr. Davis reviews the excellent rehabilitation, sanitation, public health, educational, agricultural, hospital and police work the Americans have done in Haiti, vastly for the benefit of its people, and recommends that in the time remaining before 1936 the United States repair the omission of failing "to prepare the Haitian people to run their ship of state independently and effectively." He suggests that a civilian High Commissioner be sent to Haiti whose purpose it should be to obtain the cooperation of the educated Haitians, restore the parliamentary form of government, separate the military from all civil



The Official Residence of the President at Port-au-Prince.



# 'WHO'S WHO IN LOUISIANA' TO BE PUBLISHED SOON

## New Book To Give Histories Of Important Natives, Former Residents

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Sept. 5—A new book, "Who's Who in Colored Louisiana," giving the life histories of prominent residents and former residents of the state, is scheduled soon to come off the press.

This book, every sketch of which will be the work of authorities will disclose many facts about colored Louisiana little known, publishing through its columns men of national fame of every profession, such as Anthony Overton, one of the leading business men. W. L. Cohen, Comptroller of Customs for Port of New Orleans, Rev. E. W. White, pastor Tulane Avenue Baptist church, one of the largest in the city of New Orleans; Or. J. W. E. Bowen, instructor in Gammon Theological seminary; Mme A'Leila Walker, president of the Mme. C. J. Walker Mfg. company; Dr. J. S. Clark, president Southern university; Prof. A. E. Perkins, supervising principal in New Orleans public schools; Clarence Williams, noted composer, and others, several of whom's connection with Louisiana is scarcely known.

**Chicagoan Aids**  
Miss C. K. Bartlett, white philanthropist, of Chicago has promised at her expense, to put a book in every colored library in the south, which means that hundreds of school children will find at least one volume of Colored history through which they will receive such authentic information as who Louisiana's colored governor was; who bought \$10,000 worth of Liberty Bonds, during the world war; who the colored millionaires of Louisiana are; how much more colored insurance is owned and handled in this state than any other; more about Jas. A. Cobbs, Municipal Judge of the District of Columbia, and many other facts, dealing with the economical status.

FOLLOW UP BY J. E. B. DUBOIS. Edited by J. E. B. Dubois. 8vo. Austin, Texas: Texas Folk-Lore Society. Chapter on the folklore of the Southwest. Publications of the Texas Folk-Lore Society. No. VII.

## General Notes.

**Books.**—We have received the following books:

(1) *Sons of Africa* by G. A. Goflock, 250 pages, price 5/- net, postage extra sold by all booksellers or by the Student Christian Movement, 32 Russell Square, London W.C.1. It includes chapters on Dr. Aggrey, Tshaka the Zulu Napoleon, Kgama, Moshesh, and John Tengo Jabavu. It is worth the money.

(2) *The Progress of the Bantu* by W. T. Brownlee, 14 pages, 6d. Lovedale Bookstore.

(3) *U Ntoziyateta* by Walker S. Gawe, 20 pages, 1/-, Queenstown Printing Press.

(4) *Izifundo ze Vangeli ka Mako* by Solomon Makeba, 160 pages, price 2/6, postage 6d, obtainable only from the author at Dombodema, Plumtree, South Rhodesia.

We hope to review them in due course.

### DR. AGGREY'S BIOGRAPHY.

The Rev. E. W. Smith, literary superintendent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, sailed for New York on Tuesday in order to collect in the States further material for his life of the late Dr. J. E. K. Aggrey, who spent twenty-five years in the United States, before becoming Vice-Principal of Prince of Wales College, Achimota. Mr. Smith, who was born in South Africa, where he served as a Primitive Methodist missionary for many years, knows the soul of the African as few men do, and the Phelps-Stokes Fund of New York is to be congratulated in securing him as the biographer of the great African leader who died so suddenly in New York a year ago. Mr. Smith hopes to make important contacts with the many friends Aggrey made in America, and to learn much at first-hand of his services to his race there. The information he is likely to obtain, in addition to the important material collected already from African and British sources, should enable Mr. Smith to produce a book of lasting inspiration and value.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE NEGRO IN AFRICA AND AMERICA. Compiled by Monroe N. Work. New York: H. W. Wilson Company, New York.

A handbook of the titles and authors of books, pamphlets and articles from periodicals on the negro in Africa and America.

**African Language Dictionary**

BONGANDANGA, Belgian Congo, Sept. 10. After thirty years' work, the first dictionary of an African tongue has been published. The language is Lomongo, spoken by 300,000 Negroes. The missionaries are now working on a Lomongo version of the Bible.

..... and now comes

## THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S SON

"....I wish to congratulate 'Dan Sytton'—a brilliant and delightful satire."—George Creel.  
\$1.50

Don't, for any reason, fail to read .....

## CONFESSIONS OF A NEGRO PREACHER

"This is the Negro 'Emancipator'."—Chicago Evening Post.  
"Read it, by all means."—Undine Dunn.  
\$2.00

## THE CANTERBURY PRESS CHICAGO

Dealers—Stock on hand at Consolidated Warehouse A. B. A. in New York.

**Nigger to Nigger**  
by Edward C. L. Adams  
author of "Congaree Sketches"  
The genuine negro of the South talks and acts without intervention or comment by any white man in these authentic monologues and stories.  
\$2.00

# THE BOOKSHELF

[The Bookshelf is for the benefit of those of our readers who are interested in things literary. If you are a book lover and like the idea of a literary club that meets through the Bookshelf column, you are welcome. You are urged to write in to this department any comments on current or past literature that you have in mind. If you see questions in this column you care to answer, by all means do so. If you have questions to ask pertaining to prose, poetry or fiction in modern or ancient literature, send them in. Address communications to Editor of Bookshelf, Chicago Defender.]

## An Underworld Queen

"Georgia May," Maxwell Bodenheim. Published by Boni & Liveright, New York. Price \$2.

By WARREN BROWN

In most of the newspapers recently the name of Maxwell Bodenheim appeared on the front page in connection with the suicide of a girl, a protégé, and the disappearance of another from her home. While the author was not guilty of disregarding any legal law, he has been so closely associated with these young women that he came in for airing. For example, in New York a girl that resorted to suicide was last seen alive leaving his apartment. Her direct cause for taking such action was said to have been because of her tutor's severe criticism. This link between the two naturally brought the author in for a ton of publicity. In the load of press matter some notice was given to Bodenheim's most recent novel, "Georgia May."

Centered around the life of Georgie May the author paints a vivid picture of the red light district of a southern town between 1909 and 1912. The girl of the underworld appears on the screen as low as they come, and under her skin there is something fine. P. I.'s and their women go on parade. How men are able to make women stoop to the lowest things on earth, sell their bodies, is revealed in a colorful fashion. Aristocracy among the prostitutes and women who abide by the desires of a madam are put into the settings.

Georgie May is down and almost out, and she became Dopey's woman for a week or maybe more, it was agreed. Her man is more or less feared in the underworld as a sure shot. Mike, another popular figure around the "Cawnah," made insulting remarks about Georgie May in the Dago's pigpen. Mike had his back to the wall. Cards were stacked against him. Dopey gave him the lead and escaped. Georgie and her chum, Emma Lou, who was Mike's woman, retreat to Claire's joint, where they peddle just enough to keep going until the smoke passes away. As the queen of the underworld is about to leave her hiding den the author turns loose this soliloquy about women:

"Other women fly to clandestine amours too spineless to quit the un-stirring safeguards of husbands and homes, and yet too hot-blooded to remain actually faithful to them. Other women are mistresses in an upper world, where the juggling of moneyed men for luxuries becomes a calloused fine art, sometimes ruined by revolting hysterics. The sex of other women becomes trained flutulent, but always a bit complaining, beneath the

role of honored housewife. Other women intellectualize their emotions and become placid prudes—skillful, sterile, brightly mean workers in the mediums of art, education. Other women make a heart-rendering jumble of their sex—now willing, now bruisedly retiring, now vengefully coquettish, with never a substantial, prolonged reward of refuge. Other women laugh at their sex and vend it to men for any idle compliment, any facial appeal, any boast of power—atomical profligates. Other women idealize their sex and wait for the 'perfect' masculine composite, who will be 'worthy' of it. Other women regard their sex as a holy, beautiful gift, attentive only to masculine adulation."

After plowing through the filth that has been orated in a delightful style, one becomes disgusted with talent wasted. Bodenheim can write and write well. But in "Georgie May" he reflects the vilest stuff that can come from the gutter. It's natural that he would have a large following of silly girls who crave dirt so that they can snuggle. The more weak minded perhaps might ape after Georgie May for a thrill. If there were to be any casualties among the Bodenheim lot it should have been the destruction of his literary trash.

What delight can one get out of the glorification of prostitutes, pimps—men who live upon the wealth that comes from the sale of women's bodies—clever gamblers and murderers? Perhaps readers who succumbed to the publicity that was given the book concealed their purchase under their pillow when some one approached them. More sensitive persons probably deposited it on first sight into the nearest receptacle.

## Woman Writes Novel on Racial Situation

The Christopher Publishing house of Boston has just announced the appearance of a new book entitled "The General's Son," the author of which is Ann Lawrence, a resident of Harlem. The book, according to the announcements from the publishers, makes altogether new contribution to the racial situation in America and aims to bring about better race feelings in this country.

Miss Lawrence is widely known in literary circles here, and her poems, sketches and jokes have appeared in some of the leading newspapers of the country. She has given several readings of her poems over the radio. Several years ago, while working in the government service in Washington, she wrote a book entitled "The Home of the Greenback" which was praised by the late President Wilson and others who read it.



# BOOK CHAT

by  
MARY WHITE OYINGTON

## "LIBERIA, OLD AND NEW"

By James Sibley and D. Westermann. Published by Doubleday Doran & Co. \$3.00.

IN THIS volume we have an up-to-date book on Liberia. Dr. Sibley visited Liberia in 1925 on behalf of the American Advisory Committee on Education and Dr. Westermann, of the University of Berlin, spent many years on the West African coast. One sees that Dr. Sibley is an imperialist, but it is perhaps impossible to be anything else when face to face with this impoverished republic.

From the historical sketch we learn that, while many of the early Liberians suffered severely, later a degree of prosperity came to the new republic: coffee proved a remunerative crop, cheap labor was at hand, and some could bask in their new homes as comfortable as the early Southern planters. But in 1875 trade declined. Brazil proved an overwhelming rival in coffee production and Liberia and her American Negroes suffered.

Today a degree of financial prosperity seems assured in the opening up of the rubber industry by the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company. This volume does not give the terms of Liberia's concession to the Firestone people, but they are described as reasonable. The company intends to distribute rubber-growing areas in different sections, so that natives will not have to go hundreds of miles from their homes. They will also encourage the individual worker to grow his own rubber and sell to the company.

Belgium has made us think of the rubber industry with horror. American capital in this little American republic may mark it as humane. That it will imperil the country's liberty seems probable.

The chapters on native life by Dr. Westermann are the best in the book. They give a clear, entertaining picture of the clan, its government, its judicial proceedings, its family life, at least that aristocratic section chosen to attend Poro, the boys' school, and Sande, the girls' school. The children are taken from their parents, who may not know even whether they are alive or dead until the time

comes for them to "graduate."

The boys endure a Spartan discipline and learn early to be men. What grows increasingly clear in this story is the difference in viewpoint of the man who owes allegiance to his clan and the man who owes no allegiance to any power but that of the government under which he lives. Will the natives, as they become westernized, lose their spirit of co-operation and become crass individualists? One wishes the new education might preserve their spirit of mutual helpfulness.

We gain the impression after we have finished this book that the Liberian of American ancestry is learning to accept the educated native. Once Liberian society feared to do this, like the white trader held aloof from the native. The few odd 25,000 might have been engulfed among the savages of the Hinterland. Now education is reaching into the forest, bringing the brightest young people to western schools, and, since there is only a cultural not a racial feeling against intermarriage, natives and Americans are mingling. This helps the stock.

That civilization is increasing in Liberia is certain. We must not, however, expect the civilization of the temperate clime in a land where the annual rainfall is 179 inches, where driver ants abound and where tropic diseases are a menace. New York City, from which I write, has had a taste of humidity this summer. It would not rise to the heights that it does if it had this humid atmosphere the year around.

# Harlem Patchwork Pioneers

IN THE CONGO

THE WALLS OF JERICHO. By Rudolph Fisher. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

By NEWBELL NILES PUCKETT. (Western Reserve University.)

Harlem, like every other metropolitan community, is a veritable patchwork of classes, particularly exceptional because of its physiological mosaic—"the creams, the honeys, and the browns, the browns and the chestnuts—a dozen gradations in every class." This kaleidoscope of resources has infinite literary possibilities but it would be a welcomed change to see the "gems" displayed in some jewel-book other than the invariable cabinet of the dance hall. Nevertheless the author does tone down the glaring pigments of "Nigger Heaven" and "Home to Harlem," contenting himself with gentler tints and a more delicate touch. With good taste he subordinates most of the stark and spectacular aspects of negro sex life to the background, and his liberal use of humor and well-planned sarcasm results in a more pleasing and perhaps more accurate picture of Harlem life.

Joshua Jones, a strapping piano mover, is impelled by his devotion to Linda Young, housemaid, to accompany her, not merely to "dim-munity house . . . where they have dances and basketball and everything else they scared to do in d'chuch itself," but even to the morning services of Saint Augustine's Episcopal Church. The sermon about "this red hot papa, Joshua, who's never had his damper turned down yet," arouses his rugged interest and, after a series of near-calamities, ranging from fist cuffs to falling pianos, he is moved to break down the false, Jericho like wall of a mean and tough exterior and to give his natural geniality full sway.

The strain of forcing a patrician redemption upon homespun hero is relieved somewhat by the humor and naturalness of his varied associates. Jinx and Bubber, fellow piano slingers, provide unusual comedy material in their determined efforts to conceal their profound attachment by exposing an extravagant enmity. Miss Agatha Cramp and J. Pennington Potter blunder in a deliciously satirical fashion along the way of misdirected chronic social reformers of both races, while Fred Merrit, a successful negro professional man, vividly portrays the problem of black masses expanding in a white neighborhood.

Whether the future of the negro resolves itself into worrying more or into letting "others worry their brains out devising and developing the civilized luxuries of life—while he spends his time living, developing nothing but his capacity for enjoying," this entertaining account in contemporary Harlemites of dickies and rats and monkey-backs and kitchen mechanics, boogies and ofays, in pool rooms, churches and dance halls, is an interesting and valuable chapter in the chronicle of black pioneers in an unfamiliar city wilderness.

RED IVORY. By Walton Hall Smith. 278 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

WITHOUT insisting upon observation of Africa's general unfamiliar physical characteristics, the author of "Red Ivory" sagaciously blends the high spots of a thin plot with an impressive picture of jungle life. The story is essentially one of buried treasure, primitive peoples, and white man's mastery: the simplest materials of romance. In the characterization of Marceline, the ivory poacher. Mr. Smith has achieved the requisite of good adventure story telling; with none of cause and little analysis of effect, the novelist ascribes to him a sort of magical prowess—whenever a mysterious disappearance occurs, or the path of the plot wanders into a labyrinthine intricacy, Marceline is called upon to provide a solution. He makes seemingly plausible a good deal of improbability. Where there is such a conflict as this between the imagination of the plot and the reality of the setting, the test of the writer is his ability to delay until the end of the book the reader's perception of these discrepancies. Creating some genuine suspense and considerable action, Mr. Smith accomplishes this.

In the beginning there is a sketchy episode that serves to introduce the romance of the story. Eight years later Dwight Dockery is sent by his American ivory company in quest of a notorious poacher who is supposed to be somewhere in the Lusangania district of the Belgian Congo. A fleeting glimpse of the beautiful Aoto precedes the arrival of Marceline whose dramatic appearance takes place in the midst of an elephant stampede. Successive adventures in digging up and shipping the buried ivory incidentally reveal certain aspects of African political corruption. Most of the action occurs in the French and the Belgian Congo, and one incident leads the characters to the forest of Bokanja in the distant land of the pygmies. Eventually all the ivory is recovered, made "red" by the ten deaths that its acquisition has cost; meanwhile Marceline's daughter, Aoto, has turned out to be the girl whom the hero met in the first chapter, and at the end of the story her marriage to Dwight is about to take place.

## WEST AFRICAN SAVAGERY

A YELLOW NAPOLEON. By Arthur E. Southon. 253 pp. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

BUT of such promising material as the steaming jungles of West Africa, savage, superstition-ridden natives, and an evil yellow half-caste, Arthur E. Southon has concocted a rattling good adventure story. The scene of action is the Karumbana, primitive bush sionistic picture of jungle life. The hinterland of the West Coast, listed on maps as an English protectorate, but untouched by civilization and acquainted with white men only in the person of Harley Fane, British commissioner. To this wilderness, peopled, with a race physically courageous but abjectly afraid of the unknown, comes the half-breed son of an Irish army officer and an African mother. Life in the coast towns has given him a heritage of bitter hatred for the white men, who have kicked and cursed him. Living only for revenge, he plans a great uprising which will free the land from its white masters and give him dominion over the blacks, whom he thoroughly despises. Equipped with the scheming brain of his father, and contemptuous of the ignorant superstitions of the natives, he skillfully uses their dread of the supernatural to weld the rival chieftains into a formidable fighting body. Twice he is on the verge of success, and twice he is defeated by the astute Fane, barely escaping with his life. How he finally meets a spectacular doom at the hands of Shango, the thunder god, makes absorbing reading—too good to spoil by indiscreet disclosure here. Side by side with the exploits of the ill-fated half-caste runs the story of the idyllic love of Makindi, peer in Kwandi, and Feribo, daughter of the King. More intelligent than their fellow-tribesmen, they successfully brave the wrath of the native ruler, defying the evil Tulasi and assisting the white man, whom they know and trust. It is a thrilling tale, but decidedly not one for the bedtime reading of any but the boldest. The gods of the Karumbana, Shango and Mimba-Karo, are cruel deities, and the horrible sacrificial ceremonies in the sacred Fetich groves are exceedingly gruesome. The author has told a good yarn. He has in addition succeeded in giving a vivid picture of the savagery of the African West Coast.



# That Nefarious Traffic in Rum

Mr. Taussig Explores the Devious Paths of a Popular Colonial Pursuit  
—Its Connection With the Slave Trade.

**RUM, ROMANCE AND REBELLION.** By Charles William Taussig. Drawings by Philip Kappel. 289 pp. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. \$4.

UNLESS we are much mistaken, there are not a few Americans who, if they open "Rum, Romance and Rebellion," by Charles William Taussig, will speedily close it with a thud, not liking its disclosures as to their Colonial forebears. However, one is not responsible for one's ancestors, whatever may be one's relation to posterity; and if some of them were pirates, or engaged in still less savory pursuits, such as trading rum for black-skinned men and women, perhaps we should not blame them too much. Had they been aware, had they even guessed, that some of their descendants would be a little touchy were their occupation mentioned, perhaps they would have trod cleaner paths. And then, again, perhaps they would not. They might, instead, have murmured, leering the while, that a descendant should realize that an ancestor with a leathery conscience was not such a bad thing to find on the family tree. The author of "Rum, Romance and Rebellion," in a generous appendix, quotes from so many documents that cannot be regarded as other than authentic, his narrative pages cannot be considered as other than soundly based. To be sure, the volume is scavenging in history; but history has ever had dull nostrils. And for those who can stand the fare Mr. Taussig provides a stimulating diet of sorts.

When Mr. Taussig speaks of "rum" he does not use the term, as it is used today, to cover a multitude of synthetic sins; he employs the word in its specific meaning, namely, to designate the peculiarly potent drink distilled from molasses. In Colonial days, and later, rum from Medford and other towns not only was the principal strong drink of the inhabitants, but

it was also the chief commodity used in barter, especially in barter for the blacks of Africa. Thus, in two ways, did rum play its part in American community life. In his conclusion, the author of "Rum, Romance and Rebellion" writes:

In the preceding chapters I have had no desire to set down all the multifarious facts and incidents that might easily and naturally have fitted within the scope of the subject. It has been my purpose to present such data relative to the Colonial rum trade and rum-drinking habits that the

reader may weigh for himself the varied and complex effects which these incidents and circumstances had upon American history, and perhaps gain a different conception of the spirit and meaning of many of our cherished though time-worn and moth-eaten patriotic platitudes.

And he continues: "There is a growing tendency in America to exhume some of our national idols and ideals, and perform on them a belated autopsy for the purpose of finding out what they really were made of. For some reason we have begun to suspect the correctness of certain of our flapdoodle and Yankee-doodle traditions."

Quoting Charles Francis Adams in support of his contention, Mr. Taussig states that by the latter half of the seventeenth century, however greatly it may have been the original impulse to the founding of the New England colonies, religious freedom had become but a lofty abstraction, and freedom of trade, and the safeguarding of what might with truth have been called "big business," had become the actual motivating forces of community life. Rum was "big business." At first imported from the West Indies, its manufacture soon became an "infant industry" of the New Englanders, for it was cheaper and easier to fetch molasses from the South and distill it than to import the manufactured spirit. In 1727 so great was the demand in Connecticut for molasses that the price rose sharply. Not infrequently did rum become a po-

litical issue. Every now and again one Governor or another prohibited distilling. But such suspensions were generally soon repealed. It was forbidden to sell rum to the Indians; but what was forbidden with one hand was held out by the other. Writes Mr. Taussig:

The early settlers found that it was to their best interests to prohibit the sale of rum to the Indians, as it elevated them to the point where their instinct for wielding an axe and collecting scalps became too apparent. Of course, when transacting special business such as purchasing real estate, furs, or making special treaties, the prohibition laws were suspended unofficially.

And it was rum which was the currency of the slave trade, as he goes on to prove; while the slave trade was, in turn, the backbone of New England commerce. That slavery was abolished at a comparatively early date does not, however, testify to the superior holiness of Massachusetts, according to this iconoclastic historian, who, to make himself secure, quotes none other than John Adams. Said Adams: "Argument might have some weight in the abolition of slavery in Massachusetts, but the real cause was the multiplication of laboring white people, who would no longer suffer the risk to employ these sable rivals so much to their injury." There was a great deal of illicit trade in both molasses and rum, and smuggling seems to have enjoyed an even higher social status than is the case today. There are letters extant in the hand of Peter Faneuil ordering captains to get certain portions of a cargo "on Shoar Immediately on yre arrival." Perhaps it was in some recognition of this spirit of freedom that Faneuil Hall was later to be referred to as a cradle of liberty! Nor were the colonists above the very general practice of the present day of watering rum, as is shown by a letter from the owners to one Captain Earle:

Make yr Cheif Trade with the Blacks and Little or none with the people if possible to be avoided. Worter yr Rum as much

as possible and sell as much by short mesuer as you can.

The slave trade was formally abolished by the Act of 1807, but the formality of the enactment did little to secure its observance. It was too lucrative a business to be abandoned; and more than one New England captain, especially if he were master of a whaling ship, made voyages after "black ivory," as the cargo was euphemistically called. The whole history of the business, whether legal or illegal, reeks as did the slave ships themselves. For those who wish the less nauseous details, "Rum, Romance and Rebellion" will be found to furnish an adequate supply. But Mr. Taussig's pages are mild compared with the actual accounts on which they are based. From them we turn to the second number in the book's title—to romance. In tavern and in home rum frequently was the royal road to romance. Says Taussig:

Rum, the evil currency of a sordid trade, entered the tavern and at once assumed an entirely different rôle. That which in commerce was used to enslave now became liberator, emancipator and fountain-head of inspiration, good-fellowship and good cheer.

That the tavern played an important part in American history is no doubt true; it was the week-day meeting house, and that in the colonies there were no Shakespeares and Ben Jonson to meet across the board was not the fault of the potables served; for rum, had it found the right kind of poetic imaginations to work upon, should have produced greater comedies and tragedies than the ale of old England. But this should suffice for Mr. Taussig's spirituous volume, which seems at once neither important nor unimportant, yet not interesting reading for those who or the picaresque

## CHARACTER AND RACE.

**RACE AND CIVILISATION.** By Frederick Hertz. Translated by A. S. Levettus and W. Entz. London: Kegan Paul and Co. Pp. xii. 328. 18s. net.

A year or two ago theories of racial character and qualities bade fair to run mad, especially in America. The alleged superiority of the Nordic races became a fashionable catchword in society and politics, so much so that one writer who held this view could claim with some justification that he was responsible for the revised Immigration Laws of the United States. The weakness of the case for Nordic superiority lay in the fact that, in attributing certain psychological qualities to different races, which were labelled "higher" or "inferior" accordingly, judgment was based ultimately on personal impression and not on scientific evidence. The question of mental character and race was very thoroughly thrashed out on more than one occasion in England. It was shown that of the so-called racial qualities many were sociological and cultural rather than psychological; but for the residuum the psychologists at the time did not feel in a position to provide any scientific method of observation. Obviously, therefore, the anthropologist who has no axe to grind, while perhaps going so far as to postulate degrees of development in mentality underlying differences in level of culture, is not prepared to classify as "higher" or "lower" racially psychological qualities of which he is not even equipped to test the existence scientifically. Dr. Hertz, in his "Race and Civilisation," has brought a vast erudition to bear upon the racial theories of Chamberlain, Madison Grant, Lothrop Stoddard, and others. He adduces the evidence of physical and cultural anthropology, of sociology and linguistics, and seeks to show that what these writers attribute to race is due to environment, tradition, and history. There is much to be said for his views as against the extreme school; but after all, when once the initial impulse has been given, environment itself becomes to a large extent an outcome of character. Dr. Hertz's book is no armchair companion to flatter racial prejudices, but a solid compendium of facts which will at least serve as a corrective of dangerous and facile thinking.

E. N. F



# New Yorker Flays McKay's Book, "Home To Harlem"

By GEORGE W. JACOBS  
(Special to The Pittsburgh Courier)

4/7/28

F. P. ADAMS, columnist on the New York World, wrote to the effect that Claude McKay's "Home to Harlem" gave a real picture of Harlem life. Reviewing the same book in his column of that paper, Heywood Brown said: "McKay is so sensitive an observer and so eloquent a chronicler that the smells of Harlem are in his book as well as the sights and sounds." Further down the column Mr. Brown adds: "A few of the people don't come off. McKay has not done well at all by his one intellectual Negro. I rather think he did not like him."

I rather think, Mr. Brown, that McKay, in spite of his much vaunted contempt for everything white, feared that his white readers would not like the intellectual Negro because he was not a "real" Negro.

Writing in the edition of Sunday March 11, of the same paper, Abbe Miles said: "McKay is too proud for apologies, too proud even to remind ignorant readers that it is not of the 'respectable' Negro that he writes. I must pass over similar remarks in the last Book Review section of the New York Times."

Miss Fannie Hurst, in an interview with Floyd J. Calvin, among other platitudinous observations concerning a "benighted" people, says: "In literature and especially in Claude McKay's new book 'Home to Harlem,' which I have just read, he (the Negro writer) sometimes strikes an almost racial note, a kind of racial rhythm."

During the past decade, certain members of the race, culturally equipped for the task, have given themselves unsparingly to the unearthing of Negro talent. When I think of the patrons of the younger group of Negro writers, the names of Dr. Alain Leroy Locke and Dr. Hubert Harrison come readily to mind. To them is chiefly due the credit for striking the ignorant mass of ebonyite that was literary Harlem and bringing therefrom a sparkling stream of genius. Yet as far back as 1925, Dr. Harrison had, in your columns, sounded the warning against the pre-occupation of that gifted stream with the nauseous simply because it was nauseous.

With Van Vechten's "Nigger Heaven" as their cue, the more superficial of the younger Negro writers flocked to a Parnassus, which proved not to be the abode of the muses but merely the bizarre den of the sensational and salacious. Still, I fear that those writers, many of whom continue to follow Van Vechten's lead; continue to exalt human refuse are doomed to annihilation at the hands of the reaction which has already set in.

Possibly, McKay will be justified in accepting none of the responsibility for the refusal of less mature writers to attempt to see life with any degree of clearness and wholeness. He is reputed to be independent of any group. At least it has not come to the notice of this writer that Claude McKay has founded a school of writers who will join him in glorifying the sewage of the universe.

Therefore, as long as Mr. McKay refrains from missionary work among the younger Negro writers, I can see no social danger in having him tap the sewers as much and as merrily as he pleases. Likewise, I shall not quarrel with F. P. Adams for calling "Home to Harlem" a true picture of Harlem life. Nor shall I pout at Heywood Brown because of his failure to state that the chronicler of Harlem smells specialized throughout three hundred and forty pages in the odors of Harlem's "out houses." I linger but a moment to ask Abbe Miles whether McKay would not have gained in self respect had he bent his regal figure to inform his "ignorant readers" that for motives ulterior to art, he purposely warped the lives of even those Negroes not accepted as "respectable." But when Fannie Hurst, who during the past five years has acted "big sister" to certain of our aspiring writers, garners special food for those writers from the putrid chaff that is "Home to Harlem," I violently dissent.

Claude McKay has unquestionable artistic power. And one is torn by pangs of agony at the realization that that power must be subverted to the demands of a white reading public. For that public (I refer to the class that desires no genuine understanding of the Negro) now that the esteemed brother Lothrop Stoddard has conceded that the Negro is not constitutionally idiotic and vicious but merely DIFFERENT, fawns upon the McKays and Van Vechtens who re-affirm the innate superiority of the Caucasian by crying to the hills that the Negro is still constitutionally unmoral and hyper-sexual.

A few years have passed since I received some advice which has proved beneficial. I beseech young Negro writers everywhere to give it a trial. Get a job of some sort and keep it. If the urge to self-expression is strong enough you'll find sufficient time between tours of duty on that job. Don't balk at any honest labor. One who has had years of experience on the "road" assures you that all dining car quarters are not filthy nor all chefs vicious. If during your leisure (there will be leisure even as a dining car employee) you choose to portray some phase of Negro life, remember, in the interest of truth, that the life you are portraying is incidentally negroid but primarily human.

In conclusion, I beg that you stick eternally to your elevators and mops and dining cars rather than accept subsidies or bribes from the "big brothers" and the "big sisters" who presume to tell you not only how to write but what to write.

Life, even among Negroes, is neither all gutter nor all salon. Negroes are to be found today active in every branch of human endeavor. Ignore the current fallacy that a Negro ceases to be a "real" Negro when he becomes an intellectual.

"Fire in the Flint" has been translated into several foreign languages. The chief characters of this novel are intellectuals. Yet they are unmistakably Negroes. To those of you who must write to relieve your heads and hearts (the others do not concern me), I would say that there is a mark at which to aim, and an opportunity to overreach that mark if you are able to place your emphasis on the artistic rather than the problematic. In any event point your arrow in that direction and rest assured that you will come nearer the truth than the vultures who claim to find the "real"

Negro in every wriggling wench who contorts her anatomy in some Harlem basement for the purpose of supplying decadent stimuli to Nordics whose blood dances only in the presence of the pornographic.

## Rainbow Around My Shoulder

By GERALDYN DISMOND

For one week I have tried to wade through the much heralded novel by Dr. Odum which was to give the carefree wanderings of the Black Ulysses. But when half through the volume I gave up. After all this is the only life of which I can be reasonably sure; so why waste hours on a book that did not appeal to me. My days of reading as a matter of discipline are over and done with. I found "Rainbow Around My Shoulder"—the part I read—uninteresting. I put it down.

But that you may have at least have an idea of what it is all about, I submit this review which appeared in the Sunday World.

"It is no small thing to be able to say of 'Rainbow Around My Shoulder' that it is neither thin nor faded when we read directly after 'Home to Harlem,' but the explanation is that it is apparently a white man's work in only one important aspect, the editorial. That white man, Dr. Odum of the University of North Carolina, with his colleague, Guy B. Johnson, is distinguished for having produced two fine collections of the words of Negro folk songs. The second of these foreshadowed the present work in a chapter on Let Wing Goron, a wandering black who boasted of life in forty states and had songs, especially blues or blues songs (there is a distinction) not only for every state, but for every experience and every mood; into these songs he could break in mid-fight, as a clergyman might interlard his conversation with fragments from the King James version.

"The story of Black Ulysses appears to be, not Gordon's only, but a synthesis in which he predominates, but into which enter the tales of other Negroes to whom Odum has listened; and the songs of Gordon and others are of the very fabric of the narrative, 'Black Ulysses is the Blues,' and the editor has to an extraordinary degree explained each thru the other using the songs less as embellishment, more as bricks and mortar, than has been done in any considerable literary work

know. The tale told by Ulysses himself, is that of his life from childhood; its Homeric repetition, 'is \* \* \* \* so I quit there too.' Sighting its aspect as a monumental case-book, let a few quotations hint of its flavor:

"Bout the funniest thing ever happen to me, also one mos' hard time I ever had, was one time I lay down in the woods to sleep an' woke up nex' mornin' covered with snow. Big black man sleepin' under white freezin' snow. So I don't like this either—

"I'm going back to sunny South, Where sun shines on my honey's house.

I'm one hundred miles from home, An' I can't go home this way" \* \*

"Did I tell you 'bout that lovin' babe of mine? Remember that time we played like singing fools an' eve'ybody got so happy got to huggin' one another, lawdy lawd. One ole girl come huggin' me an' my sweet mama took banjo and broke it over her head, singin', 'high stepper, Lawd, you shall be free'—

Bear cat, Lawd, turn to lion Down in Georgie," \* \* \* \* \*

"Sometimes when I ain't got no money ain't got nothin' to eat, ain't got a friend in this world, I git blues clean down in my shoes. Clothes all wet, feet on the ground; Lawd, I'm gonna ketch that train, don't know where it's from. Sick in my mind I keep thinkin' 'bout workhouse settin' 'way out on lonesome road. Trouble gonna follow me to my grave. Ain't it sad 'bout po' Eddy Jones bein' dead, singing 'Nearer My Go to Thee?' I been thinkn' 'bout po' Lazarus too. If I die long way from home, ship my body home—

"Look down po' lonsome road, Hacks all dead in line. Some give a nickel and some give a dime,

To bury this po' body of mine."

"I cannot recommend a choice between the two books so equally overflowing as these with humor, blood, lust and life."

**BOOK REVIEW**  
By RUTH J. YATES

"Quicksand," by Nella Larsen, published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 730 Fifth Avenue, New York. 5/24/28

"Quicksand," by Nella Larsen, is the latest addition to the now long list of books dealing with the so-called Negro problem. The story is that of a mulatto girl, Helga Crane, who is born of a Danish mother and Negro father. Helga is well educated and teaches school in a small Southern town. She finds the lives of the people with whom she comes in contact

dull and aimless and the people themselves willing to go along as so much clay in the hands of the Southern whites, to be moulded or shaped after their desires. Realizing that she does not fit in with this group, she goes to New York, where she mingles with a group of Negroes somewhat of the "Bohemian" class. She believes she is satisfied with their style of living until an indefinable longing comes over her. Helga finally decides to go to her mother's sister, who is in Denmark. Her dark skin and hair make her a novelty—a curiosity to these white people of Denmark; and while she is shown every courtesy and consideration, she realizes there is an invisible barrier shutting her off from this group. In conclusion, Helga returns to America, marries a Negro minister and goes to live in the Southland, where she begins raising a large family. Her immediate associates are of the illiterate element and life in general seems to lose all of its glamour.

In "Quicksand" Miss Larsen portrays the inner struggles of a mulatto. However, Miss Larsen seems to have been able to master the emotions which made Helga Crane restless, unsatisfied and misfit in the various social groups.

As for the Negro characters portrayed, three distinct groups are illustrated, the Southern hypocrites, the Bohemian set of Harlem and the uneducated. Perhaps if Helga Crane had been placed with other groups of Negroes she would have been able to find happiness. Too much stress has been placed upon the illiterate Negro, the jazz-crazed Negro and the Negro who thinks that the white man is next to almighty. There are other classes of Negroes. Why not use them as examples once in a while? We have schools and teachers comparing favorably with white schools and teachers; we have intellectual Negroes, and we have Negroes who are not suffering from inferiority complex. Literary works woven around the types of Negroes just mentioned would be an incentive to the race in general and would go far toward acquainting the white race with the much overlooked fact that the uncultured Negro no more represents the entire Negro group than the crude and uncultured white man represents the entire white race.

"Quicksand" is worth reading; it is different and, above all things, it permits one to elevate his mind above the mire of lasciviousness that has been the general theme of late books dealing with the Negro. This is Miss Larsen's first attempt at writing a novel and she is to be commended on bringing us something different.



Bibliography - 1928

Grandma Slave-Grandpa French Marquis-Dad General Under Napoleon; Alexander Dumas, Writer Supreme



Alexander Dumas, the father, made his first success as a playwright in Paris 100 years ago. This week appeared in English a new biography—"The Fourth Musketer" Life of Alexander Dumas. By T. Lucas-Dubreton: translated by Maiden Castelhun Durnton, Coward McCam, Inc., N. Y.

Dumas' white grandpa gave him little beside his noble blood. The boy took his mother's name. She was a San Domingan Negro slave, Louis Celeste Dumas.

Dumas' father was a French General under Napoleon—His Negro blood did not bar him from commanding French divisions in Egypt, the Alps and the Pyrenees. His mother was a white innkeeper's daughter.

Dumas wrote stories like the "Three Musketeers," which will probably live forever. His friends and associates were sculptors like Barye, writers like Hugo and Balzac, painters like Corot, and pianists like Liszt.

If Dumas came to Baltimore today, he could be barred from Charles street busses, the Southern Hotel would not give him a room or a meal and he would find trouble in getting a Pullman berth over Dixie railroads.

Genius, talent, character wouldn't matter. He'd be just a Negro.

## Howard University Students Compiling Sports History Data

Washington, D. C. — Professor Burr's class in the history of physical education at Howard University has begun a novel project. They are compiling data which will be put together for a booklet or "The Contributions of the Negro in the Field of Physical Education and Athletics."

The Negro has performed notable service in this field but never before has a consistent effort been made to gather this record in the pages of a book.

### Poetry, Drama and Art

**BRAITHWAITE'S ANTHOLOGY AND YEARBOOK OF AMERICAN POETRY FOR 1928.** Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., Ltd. \$1.

The latest book made, with a new introduction by Mr. Braithwaite.

**W. L.** Edited by Margarette Balaban. 12mo. New York: Dean Co. \$1.

An anthology of verse by members of the League of American Penwomen.

**SELECTED POEMS.** By Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.

A revision of Mr. Frost's volume of "Selected Poems," first published in 1923.

**BETWEEN FAIRS.** By Wilfrid Gibson. 12mo. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A comedy in three acts.

**SPIRES AND SPEARS.** By Walter Hendricks. 12mo. Chicago, Ill.: Robert Packard & Co. \$2.

A collection of poems.

**CAWIDOR.** By Robinson Jeffers. 8vo. New York: Horace Liveright. \$2.50.

A long narrative poem and several shorter poems by the author of "Roan Stallion."

**THOUGHTS OF ARABEL.** By Elizabeth B. Jenkins. Pamphlet. Boston, Mass.: The Stratford Company. 50 cents.

A collection of poems.

**UNA FOLK PLAYS.** By Frederic H. Koch. 12mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$2.50.

A third series of these one-act plays produced by the Carolina Playmakers. With a foreword by Paul Green.

**EVA LE GALLIENNE'S CIVIC REPERTORY PLAYS.** 8vo. New York: W. Norton & Co. \$5.50.

"Hedda Gabler," "La Locandiera," "2+2=5" and "The Three Sisters." With an introduction and direction notes by Miss Le Gallienne.

**ANNALS OF THE NEW YORK STAGE.** George C. D. Odell. 8vo. New Columbia University Press. \$17.50. 1821-34. Vol. 4. 1834-43.

**VICTORIA, E. C.** By Viola Patterson. Pamphlet. Seattle, Wash.: University of Washington Bookstore.

Twelve woodcuts by Mrs. Patterson, with a foreword by Frederick Morgan Padelford.

**A COMEDY IN FAETC.** By Nicholas Pavia. 12mo. Boston, Mass.: The Stratford Company. \$1.50.

A play in three acts.

**YOUNG LOVE.** By Samson Raphaelson. 12mo. New York: Brentano's. \$2.

A comedy in three acts, with an introduction by Joseph Wood Krutch.

**TWO SINGERS.** By Charles Hanson Towne. 8vo. New York: William Edwin Rudge. \$3.

Two Poems.

**JOURNAL**  
KANSAS CITY, MO.

NOV 18 1928  
NEGRO HISTORY EXPERT

Book by Lincoln High Teacher to Be Published.

W. R. Howell, head of the history department at Lincoln high school in Kansas City, active in a new field of historical research, is to have a book published.

Twelve years ago the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History was organized by Dr. Carter Woodson who holds a Ph. D. degree from Harvard. Professor Howell is a member of this organization and been the instructor at the monthly meetings of the Kansas City branch. Phases of Negro history are discussed.

Six or seven years ago he organized a Negro history club at Lincoln high school and this has led to a regular course for which credit is given. The text in use was compiled from Professor Howell's own research work and this, now in mimeograph form, is to be published as a book.

Professor Howell says there is a growing interest in their own history among the people of his race and efforts are being made to get every item touching their life into a form available for study. For this purpose he has been searching the records in Clay county, one of the strong slave centers of pioneer days. He has found many original copies of bills of sale, notices of runaway slaves, etc. Slides for use in his classes are to be made of some of these and copies are to be incorporated in his text book.

He has looked on the scenes where slave quarters have stood until recently and has seen the foundations of slave pens. Over in Platte county he has located one dungeon beneath an ancient roadside inn where slaves were tied to rings in the ceiling while their masters enjoyed the hospitality of the hostelry. He has been in touch with several of the old colored folks of Liberty who were once slaves.

Professor Howell is a native of O. McIntyre's town, Gallipolis, O.

and played back lot baseball with him in kid days. In 1909 he received his A. B. degree from the Ohio State university. Four years at Tuskegee institute preceded his coming to Kansas City in 1909.

## BOOK CHAT

By  
MARY WHITE OVINGTON,  
Chairman, Board of Directors of  
The N. A. A. C. P.

**'A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE  
NEGRO IN AFRICA AND  
AMERICA'**

Compiled by Monroe N. Work  
Published by The H. W. Wilson  
Co., 960 University Ave., New  
York City. Price \$16.00.

Those who do not read Book Chat are not likely to know of this enormously important publication until they go some day to the library to look up a reference and see the volume put before them. Once seeing it, however, each will want to examine it further. For here is an exhaustive list of material on the Negro, magazine articles as well as books, and printed as the Wilson Company always print their volumes, clearly, with an admirable choice of types, as beautiful a page as one in the Century dictionary. Mr. Work has been most fortunate in having this firm handle his work. "The purpose of this Bibliography," the Introduction by Arson Phelps Stokes reads "is to furnish an accurate and comprehensive handbook of the titles and authors of valuable books, pamphlets and articles from periodicals on the Negro in Africa and America. \* \* \* The author has not tried to include all known printed works on the subjects named. Indeed, he has eliminated more titles than he has included, so that the book is a select reference bibliography on the Negro with more than 17,000 entries covering the most worth-while publications in different languages issued before 1928."

Mr. Work began publishing bibliographical material in the first Negro Year Book, 1912. In 1921 the Carnegie Corporation made a grant to the Department of Records, and Research of Tuskegee, and he was able to go on from this beginning to the comprehensive volume just published. Interest in his work became international, he went to Europe and visited the great libraries of England and the Continent, enlarging especially his titles on Africa and its culture. The number of his titles grew and at length he has given us a refer-



ence book that will be known throughout the world.

The book is clearly arranged, essay to find one's way in. There is a Table of Contents and an Index of Authors. The Titles are so arranged that the book is itself an index and it is a simple matter to find material on whatever subject one may want.

For instance, suppose one wishes to know what has been printed on Negro folk songs. Under the Negro in the United States is the subheading 23, Folk Music in the United States, page 433. Turning to page 433, we find four pages of titles of collections of Negro folk songs. Many of the references are to magazine articles. Some are volumes, as H. T. Burleigh's, Natalie Curtis Burlin's, W. C. Handy's. Then come three more pages of discussion of Negro Folk Songs. It makes one greedy to be in a great library and wade one could keep the reference lib-deep in the material. How busy rarian!

The reader in the small city will have to content himself with only a few of the magazines noted under the headings, for the list of periodicals from which references for the bibliography were taken is very long. 907 titles. Just to see the names carries one all over the world. One appreciates the interest, the craving for more knowledge regarding these dark people from a mysterious Continent, that has actuated the reading world. And here at last we have a list of their manifold stories about them, of the opinion some wise, much foolish, bruited forth, of their own foolish, bruited forth, of their own contributions to literature. A wonderful list of a wonderful story. Mr. Work must look with intense pleasure at the fruition of his long years of patient, meticulous labor; labor from which we reap the reward.